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BEAUTIFIES
THE
SKIN.



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6-10.

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PILLS

[Prepared expressly for ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE, by E. BUTTERICK & CO.]

Fashionable Styles of Garments.

FIGURE No. 1.—
GIRLS' COS-
TUME.

FIGURE No. 1.—
(Consisting of Ulsterette No. 7598, and costume No. 7473).—These models are each in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age, and the price of each is 20 cents. Plaid cloaking was used for the Ulsterette in this instance, but any light Ulster fabric will be as fashionable. The costume is made of navy-blue flannel and prettily decorated with rows of narrow braid arranged in graduated strips on the plaits of its skirt portion. To make the costume for a girl of 7 years, will require $10\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 22 inches wide; the Ulsterette calling for $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards, and the costume for $6\frac{1}{2}$ yards. Of 48-inch-wide material $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards are needed; the Ulsterette requiring $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard, and the costume $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards.



FIGURES NOS. 1 AND 2.—GIRLS' COSTUMES.

FIGURE No. 2.—
GIRLS' COS-
TUME.

FIGURE No. 2.—
(Consisting of over-dress No. 7601, and dress No. 7600). These models are each in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age, and the price of each is 20 cents. The dress is made of fine cashmere of a pale tint while the over-dress is constructed of sheer lawn. Languedoc lace edging and insertion, together with satin ribbon ties, compose the decorations. To make the entire costume of one variety of material for a girl of 6 years, will require 5 yards of goods 22 inches wide; the dress calling for $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards, and the over-dress for $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards. If material 48 inches wide be selected for the purpose, then $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards will be needed; the dress requiring $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard, and the over-dress $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard.



7604

Front View.



7604

Back View.



7596

Front View.



7596

Back View.

CHILD'S LOW-NECKED DRESS.

No. 7604.—The model to this dress is in 5 sizes for children from 2 to 6 years of age. For a child of 4 years, it requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods, 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 36 inches wide. Price, 15 cents.

CHILD'S DRESS.

No. 7596.—This pattern is in 4 sizes for children from $\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 years of age. To make the dress as represented for a child of 2 years, will require $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of goods 36 inches wide. Price, 15 cents.



7602

Front View.



7613

CHILD'S HAT.

No. 7613.—This pattern is in 4 sizes for children from 2 to 8 years old. To make the hat for a child of 4 years, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of goods 36 inches wide will be needed. Price, 10 cents.



7603

Front View.



7603

Back View.

CHILD'S GUIMPE, (TO BE WORN WITH LOW-NECKED DRESSES).

No. 7603.—This model is in 5 sizes for children from 2 to 6 years of age, and will require $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of material 22 inches wide, or $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 36 inches wide, to make a guimpe for a child 4 years of age. Price, 10 cents.



7602

Back View.

LADIES' COSTUME, WITH ADJUSTABLE CAPE.

No. 7602.—The material is light cloth, and the construction is very elegantly accomplished. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. A lady of medium size, $15\frac{1}{2}$ yards 48 inches wide, will

represented in the model is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. In making the costume for a lady of medium size, $15\frac{1}{2}$ yards 22 inches wide, or $7\frac{1}{2}$ yards 48 inches wide, will be needed. Price, 30 cents.



7577

Front View.



7593

Front View.



7593

Back View.

GIRLS' COSTUME.

No. 7593.—This model is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years old. The costume, for a girl of 5 years, needs $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 36 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 48 inches wide. Price, 20 cents.



7577

Back View.

GIRLS' BATHING COSTUME.

No. 7577.—The model is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age. To make the costume for a girl of 6 years, will require $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods 27 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 48 inches wide. Price, 20 cents.



7608

Front View.

7584

LADIES' MORNING CAP.

No. 7584.—This pattern is in one size, and needs $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 36 inches wide to make a cap like it. Price, 10 cents.



7614

MISSES' FICHU.

No. 7614.—This model is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age. For a miss of 13 years, it requires $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard 22 inches wide. Price, 10 cents.



7608

Back View.

LADIES' ULSTERETTE.

No. 7608.—The Ulsterette is not quite as large as the Ulster, and is more dressy for Summer wear. The model is developed in with machine-stitching. The ladies from 28 to 46 inches, the garment for a lady of material 22 inches wide, or wide, will be found sufficient.

light Cheviot and finished pattern is in 13 sizes for bust measure. In making medium size, $6\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 3 yards of goods 48 inches Price of pattern, 30 cents.



7578

Front View.

7578

Back View.

CHILD'S BATHING COSTUME.

No. 7578.—This model is in 5 sizes for children from 2 to 6 years of age. To make the costume for a child of 4 years, will require $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 27 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 48 inches wide. Price of any size, 15 cents.



7589

Front View.

7589

Back View.

GIRLS' "MOTHER HUBBARD" CLOAK.

No. 7589.—This model is in 8 sizes for girls from 2 to 9 years of age. It is suitable for any soft cloaking texture and needs but little decoration. To make the cloak for a girl of 5 years, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 27 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 48 inches wide, will be required. Price of pattern, 20 cents.

**7609***Front View.***LADIES'**

No. 7609.—While very simple and stylish and becoming. It is in 13 sizes for ladies' use. To make the basque yards of goods 22 inches wide, will be need-

**7609***Back View.***BASQUE.**

in construction, this basque is designed to be closed its entire length, in-below the waist-line. The pattern from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure for a lady of medium size, 4½ yards wide, or 2½ yards of material 48 in. ed. Price of pattern, 25 cents.

**7573***Front View.*

**LADIES' COMBINATION
CORSET-COVER AND DEMI-
TRAINED SKIRT.**

No. 7586.—This model is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the garment for a lady of medium size, will require 5½ yards 36 inches wide. Price, 25 cents.

7586**7620****LADIES' DRAWERS.**

No. 7620.—This comfortable model is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure. To make the drawers for a lady of medium size, requires 1½ yard of goods 36 inches wide. Price, 20 cents.

LADIES' WALKING SKIRT.

No. 7573.—Plain suiting was selected for this skirt, and machine-stitching forms the principle trimming. The pattern is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure. To make the skirt for a lady of medium size, 8½ yards 22 inches wide, or 4½ yards 48 inches wide, are needed. Price, 30 cents.

**7573***Side-Back View.*

**7595***Front View.***LADIES' SHIR-**

No. 7595.—The shirring forms basque, and is very stylishly and torn is in 13 sizes for ladies from If goods 22 inches wide be se-making the basque for a lady of inches wide be chosen, 3 yards

**7585****LADIES' ADJUSTABLE, SHIRRED WRAPPER.**

No. 7585.—This model is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. For a lady of medium size it will require 8½ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or 4 yards 48 inches wide. Price, 30 cents.

**7595***Back View.***RED BASQUE.**

the principal feature of this becomingly arranged. The pat- 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. lected, 7 yards will be needed in medium size. If material 48 will suffice. Price, 25 cents.

**7575***Front View.***7619****BOYS' SACK NIGHT-SHIRT.**

No. 7619.—This pattern is in 9 sizes for boys from 7 to 15 years of age. To make the shirt for a boy of 13 years, requires 4 yards of material 27 inches wide, or 3½ yards 36 inches wide. Price, 20 cents.

LADIES' BATHING COSTUME.

No. 7575.—Flannel is the material preferred for bathing costumes. This pattern is in 10 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. In making the costume for a lady of medium size, 7½ yards of material 27 inches wide, or 4 yards of goods 48 inches wide, will be needed. Price, 30 cents.

**7575***Back View.*



7580

Front View.

MISSES' COSTUME.
No. 7580.—This model is pretty misses' costumes. It is in Princess while the polonaise back falls over one piece with the side-backs. The 8 to 15 years of age. To make the require $6\frac{1}{2}$ yards 22 inches wide, or $3\frac{1}{2}$



7583

LADIES' CAPE.

No. 7583.—The model here illustrated is developed in Surah. The pattern is in 10 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the cape for a lady of medium size, will require $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard of material 22 inches wide, or 1 yard 48 inches wide. Price of any size, 15 cents.



7580

*Back View.***COSTUME.**

to use for any fabric made up into style in front, with added drapery; a plaited skirt-breadth that is cut in model is in 8 sizes for misses from costume for a miss of 12 years, will yards 48 inches wide. Price, 25 cents.



7591

Front View.

7590

LADIES' WALKING SKIRT.

No. 7590.—This pattern is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure. To make the skirt for a lady of medium size, $6\frac{1}{2}$ yards 22 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 48 inches wide, with $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards 22 inches wide for the gores and breadth, are needed. Price, 30 cents.



7591

*Back View.***LADIES' BASQUE.**

No. 7591.—Shirrings take the place of darts in fitting this basque, and carefully graded seams complete the adjustment. The material is cashmere, and lace, silk and ribbon bows form the trimming. The outline is graceful, and is generally becoming to both stout and slender figures. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. In making the basque for a lady of medium size, $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard 48 inches wide, will be required. Price, 25 cents.



7606

Front View.

7592

GIRLS' COSTUME.

No. 7592.—To make this costume for a girl of 5 years, will require $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{8}$ yard 56 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard 48 inches wide, with $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of silk 20 inches wide. The model is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years. Price, 20 cents.



7606

Back View.

MISSES'
No. 7606.—The dress illustrated in soft wash fabrics or diaphanous sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years. It requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 48 inches wide.

DRESS.
is very attractive when made up wool textures. The model is in 8 of age. For a miss of 11 years, inches wide, or $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36 wide. Price of pattern, 25 cents.



7612

INFANTS' CLOAK.

No. 7612.—To make this pretty cloak, needs $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of material 36 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 48 inches wide. The pattern is in one size only, and its price is 20 cents.



7597

Front View.

7597

Back View.

LADIES' BASQUE.

No. 7597.—A basque of this style is very pretty in fabric of any firm texture, and resembles the body to a riding-habit, having short, notched fronts and a coat-tail back with lapped plaits. A Byron collar completes the neck, and sleeves roll back in narrow cuffs. The model is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the garment for a lady of medium size, $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard 48 inches wide, will be required. Price of pattern, 25 cents.



7574

Front View.

LADIES' TUCK-
No. 7574.—For cloths,
the model here portrayed is
the basque for a lady of me-
dium size, 5½ yards of mate-
rial 22 inches wide, or 2½
yards required. The model is
to 46 inches, bust measure.



7574

Back View.

ED BASQUE.
flannels, silks, cottons, etc.,
extremely stylish. To make
medium size, 5½ yards of mate-
rials 48 inches wide, will
in 13 sizes for ladies from 28
Price of any size, 25 cents.



7605

Right-Side View.

MISSES'
No. 7605.—For all sorts of
illustrated will be both styl-
ized for misses from 8 to 15
over-skirt for a miss of 11
22 inches wide, or 1½ yard 48

FIGURE No. 3.—CHILD'S COSTUME.
FIGURE No. 3.—(Consisting of *guimpe*
pattern No. 7603 and dress model No.
7604).—These models are each in 5 sizes
for children from 2 to 6 years of age; the
pattern for the dress costing 15 cents, and
that for the *guimpe*, 10 cents. In making
the costume for a child of 4 years, 2½ yards
of goods 36 inches wide will be required.



7598

Front View.



7598

Back View.



7605

Left-Side View.

OVER-SKIRT.
dress goods, the model here
ish and graceful. It is in 8
years of age. To make the
years, needs 2½ yards of goods
inches wide. Price, 20 cents.

GIRLS' ULSTERETTE.

No. 7598.—The engravings represent a handsome street garment. The model is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age. To make the garment for a girl of 7 years, 3½ yards of material 22 inches wide, or 2½ yards 36 inches wide, or 1½ yard 48 inches wide, are needed. Price of any size, 20 cents.

BE NOTICE:—We are Agents for the Sale of E. BUTTERICK & CO.'S PATTERNS,
and will send any kind or size of them to any address, post-paid, on receipt of price
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JOSEPH INTERPRETING PHARAOH'S DREAM.

Photo. Eng. Co. N.Y.

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JULY, 1881.

No. 7.



"THE WORD HAS CHANGED YOUR MIND AT THE LAST MOMENT?"—P. 277.

MADGIE'S HERO.

SO this is the end of all you romance, Madgie! this is the 'hero' you so often vowed you would marry! Well, I confess I am surprised."

"And disappointed, too—why don't you add that, Nellie?" Mrs. Bentick said, as she led the way to a cozy little sitting-room where a cheery fire was burning. "Sit down, dear, and drink

your tea, and have a little rest before dinner. Some day, perhaps, you'll have a better opinion of Phil, and even learn to admire him—who knows?"

"But, Madgie, he really isn't a bit handsome, nor romantic-looking, nor poetic, nor anything; and I did so hope and expect he would be—different," and Nellie Grahame paused for want of a word to express fully all she expected Madgie Mason's husband to be.

Nellie and Madgie had been friends at school,



Photo. Eng. Co. N.Y.

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VOL. XLIX.—26.

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(375)

and when they parted—the former to join her father in India; Madgie to take up her abode with her uncle, Captain Mason, at the Woodlands—they had vowed eternal constancy, and exchanged school-girl pledges of affection and remembrance.

Scarcely six months after leaving school Madgie was alone in the world, heiress of Woodlands and all her uncle's wealth, and with Dr. Philip Bentick for her sole guardian. Nellie was in India, and there seemed no immediate prospect of Major Grahame returning, and as Madgie had no other "dear friend," to Nellie she poured out all her heart on paper, dwelling at great length on her delightful, solitary, romantic life at Woodlands, and her unalterable resolution to marry a real *bond fide* hero, or remain forever Madgie Mason.

And Phil Bentick was the end of all her dreams!

"He's decidedly ugly," Nellie said, glancing at a photograph which stood on the chimney-piece. "I'm sure if I had the misfortune to marry such a man, I wouldn't have his likeness in every conspicuous place in the house. I'm surprised at Madgie, with her love of everything beautiful, and her own pretty face and fortune. She surely might have done better; and yet she seems happy and contented enough, though she was such a hero-worshiper."

Nellie had come in accordance with a long-standing promise to pay Madgie a visit. It was their first meeting since they had left school five years before, and she had expected to find her friend just the same as ever—gushing, sentimental, impulsive—with a dreamy, dark-eyed lover-husband, fond of poetry, and with a decided air of mystery about him. Nothing could be more unlike her preconceived idea than Phil Bentick, with his rough, seamed face, cheery voice, hearty laugh and burly frame—a busy, active, energetic, hard-working, practical, country doctor, ten years older than Madgie if he was a moment, and, oh! so ugly.

And yet Philip Bentick had had his romance, too. He had been old Captain Mason's medical attendant, and after his death Madgie's sole counselor, "guide, philosopher and friend." Woodlands was a roomy, old-fashioned, country house, buried in pleasant woods, five miles from a village, thirteen from a town. The nearest neighbors on one side were only rough-and-ready farmers, on the other poor fisher-folk who tried to wring a wretched subsistence from the sea and barren westerly shore.

But Madgie was not lonely. She loved Woodlands, loved to wander all day through the gardens with a volume of poetry or an old romance in her hand, loved the distant glimpses of the sea, loved the dreamy solitude, which she peopled with heroes and heroines of her own creating—very delightful, but wholly impracticable individuals.

But with all her sentiment Madgie was very charming, and it was not surprising that Dr. Bentick—despite his being her guardian, and a poor, struggling, country doctor into the bargain—should fall in love with her. It was what every one expected, and Madgie herself was the only person astonished or unprepared when one day, in plain, honest fashion, he told her of his love, and asked her to be his wife. It was as if Madgie had been awakened from a very pleasant dream by a rough shake. During the two years she had been at Woodlands, she had become accustomed to the doctor. He had always been at hand to consult, to confide in, and take all responsibility off her shoulders. She was used to his honest face and kindly voice, to his constant attentions and occasional lectures, and in a way she liked them; but the first idea of loving or marrying him never entered her head, for the doctor was commonplace to the last degree, and entirely devoid of all sentiment and romance, and Madgie had set her whole heart on "a hero." But Phil Bentick was not destitute of feeling; and when Madgie, more plainly than politely, declined his proposal, the look of pain and sorrow in his clear, honest, gray eyes would have accorded with the most extravagant protestations of despair and misery. But he did not give way to them—only apologized gravely for having troubled Miss Mason, and was taking his departure in the most matter-of-fact way, when Madgie burst into impetuous explanation: "It's not that I dislike you, Phil, or like any one else better, and I know you're twice too good for me; only—"

"Only what, Madgie?"

Down went her brown head in confusion. It was not easy to tell a man to his face that he was not a hero, and that was the sole objection she had to Phil Bentick.

"Only what, Madgie?" he repeated, sternly. "Is it wealth I lack? or am I too old—too ugly, or have I simply the misfortune to meet with your general disapproval? Tell me what my failings are, that I may try and mend them."

Madgie looked up into the grave, earnest face that bent over her, and burst into tears.

"It isn't any of those things, Phil," she sobbed. "I'm sure you're handsome enough" ("just like 'Lara,'" she added, mentally), "and rich enough, and—O Phil, if you could only do something!—something great, I mean. I do so want my husband to be a hero!"

"Ah, is that it? Madgie dear," after a long silence, "don't you think a man may be a hero without doing anything very great—without his name being familiar in men's mouths, his fame blazoned abroad by newspapers? Must he seek 'the bubble reputation even at the cannon's mouth?'"

"I love a hero, Phil!—a great, brave, famous

man! I should like the whole world to know and respect my husband. Can't you do something—anything, Phil?"

"Can't you love me just as I am, Madgie? I don't want my wife to be a heroine, only sweet, and true, and lovable, just as you are, Madgie dear. I was not 'born great,' and it is not given to every man to 'achieve greatness.' My duty seems to lie straight before me here in this quiet little village, and I try to do it. Does that count for nothing, Madgie?"

"Yes, yes, I know. But, Phil, I cannot marry a mere country doctor whom no one ever heard of. If you really love me, prove it. Do some brave, noble deed—even try to do something. You know how immeasurably

—high failure oversteps the bounds
Of low success."

"You do not love me, Madgie. Forgive me for having troubled you. Good-bye."

"Phil, you know I do care about you—a little; but I love honor more."

Dr. Bentick smiled sadly at the girl's silly fancies. "It all comes of living so much alone, and reading nonsensical romances," he mused. "Madgie's heart is all right, but her head is sadly wrong, poor child. She'll be wiser one day, perhaps."

But as the months passed by, Madgie showed no signs of improvement: indeed she became, if possible, more confirmed in her "heroic" ideas, avoiding all society, and feeding her fancies with all sorts of poetic visions. The doctor no longer visited Woodlands in the old familiar, friendly way, for he felt that Madgie avoided him, and, when that was impossible, treated him with constrained civility.

"I'll go away for a time," he said, one evening, the last of his guardianship, for Madgie would be of age on the morrow. "I'll volunteer for a few months' active service on the Gold Coast. During my absence she may meet with her ideal 'hero,' or forget me—poor Madgie!"

The next day he went up to Woodlands to congratulate his ward on reaching her majority and have a final interview with her lawyer, and mentioned incidentally his intention of going abroad for a few months.

"Going abroad, Phil?" Madgie cried, the color rushing to her pale cheeks. "When? where? why?"

"I have not been feeling very bright lately, and I fancy a change may do me good. An old college chum of mine, surgeon on the "Aphrodite," has just married, and we're trying if it can be managed for us to exchange for a few months. His ship is ordered to the Gold Coast, and he can't possibly have his wife either precede, follow or accompany him there. He'd enjoy a few quiet months here

in Broadbay, and I shouldn't mind having a peep at King Koffee."

"And when are you going, Phil?"

"If it can be arranged, in about a fortnight. Clemens thinks there will be no difficulty, as he has some friends high up in the admiralty, and he has married the daughter of the captain of the "Aphrodite." I have no doubt it can be managed; and if not, I'll take a cruise to Ashantee on my own hook. I fancy I want a holiday."

"I hope you will enjoy it very much, doctor," Madgie said, her ardor considerably damped by his cool, careless way of speaking. Evidently he was not going to make a hero or a martyr of himself on her account; and yet in her secret heart she was delighted. An adventure was the only thing Phil required to make him perfect in her eyes; and an adventure, even if it were only a touch of yellow fever, could scarcely fail to befall him on the Gold Coast.

"Good-bye, Madgie. I thought, a few weeks ago, I should be taking a longer journey; but our separation will be no less effectual though only a few miles instead of a few thousand separate us."

"What do you mean, Phil? Aren't you going on the 'Aphrodite' after all?" and Madgie glanced despairingly at the huge chest and the numerous small parcels she had packed with such care for Phil's comfort and consolation on the voyage. "You have not changed your mind at the last moment, have you?"

"Yes, I have, but not altogether without a reason. You know poor Daventry?"

"Yes; what has he to do with it?"

"He's ill—down with small-pox, poor fellow! He has worked like a giant night and day this last fortnight at Millbay, where small-pox is raging. Daventry's wife is down, too, and their only child was buried yesterday. I must go over at once."

"Into the very middle of infection! You sha'n't—you mustn't, Phil! Why, it's frightful in Millbay—every house infected!"

"And no doctor to look after the poor creatures; think of that, Madgie. Daventry, poor fellow, faced it all by himself—never so much as let me know the outbreak was serious; and it was only by the merest accident I heard of his illness. Now I must go, dear; every moment is precious. It may be long before we meet again, Madgie; we may never meet in this world. Heaven bless you always, darling: may you be as happy as I wish you."

"Phil, you mustn't go! What have you to do with Millbay? Phil, Phil! come back!"

But he was already far down the avenue, obeying a far more powerful voice than Madgie Mason's—the voice of duty.

Millbay was a remote fishing village about

eleven miles from Broadbay, situated in a low, marshy inlet of the sea, and surrounded by stagnant swamps. The people were poor, ignorant, ill-fed, worse-clad, and the low, unhealthy situation of the village, and undrained, unventilated houses, made them peculiarly liable to disease of all sorts. It was there Phil Bentick turned his steps unhesitatingly. With a brave heart he entered Dr. Daventry's residence, and took his duties on himself. For weeks the disease raged with unusual violence; whole families were carried off, young and old alike; and with want, approaching famine and virulent disease, Dr. Bentick struggled alone. No help came from any quarter. The inhabitants of Millbay were always secluded,

If I could only shut out this frightful picture for an hour, and get one breath of untainted air, I should feel better."

At that moment a low moan sounded somewhere near, and pausing he leaned over the wall to see from whom it came. Unconsciously he had reached the village grave-yard, a lonely spot by the shore, only distinguished from the surrounding marshes by a few rude headstones and rugged wooden crosses, and row upon row of new-made graves. By one of them a woman was kneeling, scratching with both feeble hands at a small, fresh mound of earth, while now and again a low moan burst from her lips. She was ill, weak, emaciated, and the doctor recognized her as a woman who



"FRIENDS GATHERED ROUND TO WELCOME BACK THE DOCTOR."—p. 379.

and the place was shunned as if plague-stricken. Even the postman who toiled through the marshes twice a week forsook the place. Rank grass grew thickly in the middle of the long, straggling High Street; the boats drifted out with the tide unheeded; and the stealthy tread of some stricken parent or child, seeking assistance to bury their dead, was the only sound that broke the awful sultry stillness of the long, scorching August days.

"This is terrible!" Phil said to himself one evening as he walked wearily along the sea-coast, gasping for a breath of fresh air. "Thank Heaven, Daventry is nearly well, for I feel I cannot stand it much longer. Mentally and physically I am worn out, and more likely to do harm than good.

had suffered severely—recovering as by a miracle—having lost her husband and five children. Three days before he had seen her with an infant in her arms, the only living thing left her; now it lay beneath her ragged cloak, the last of all her flock.

Vaulting over the low wall, the doctor approached her gently. "My good woman, what are you doing here?" he whispered, laying his hand on her shoulder.

"Let me bury my dead!" she cried, fiercely, pointing to her cloak. "Go away, and leave me with my people."

"No, no—let me;" and taking a spade that lay near he dug a grave, and reverently placed the

tiny form, wrapped in its mother's cloak, in it, then he covered it over hurriedly, and taking the wretched mother by the arm, led her from the spot.

"Heaven forever bless you, sir," she said, bursting into tears, as she took a last look at the little grave. "Now I am indeed alone, the last of my name and race—father, mother, husband, children, friends, all gone!" and she sank down by the open gateway, and refused to move further. "Let me die here, sir," she cried, "here, beside my loved ones. What have I done that the Almighty should leave me?"

Sick at heart, the doctor turned away. Such scenes had not been uncommon in Millbay during the preceding month, but he had never witnessed anything like it, and the horror of it was on his mind during the weary weeks that followed, for he, too, was seized with the frightful illness, stricken down as with a sudden blow. For weeks he lay hovering between life and death, and when he awoke to consciousness, the first face he saw bending over him was that of the poor mother he had seen before his illness. Day and night she had tended him with unceasing care, and seemed to forget her own illness and sorrow in watching over him. It was the end of August when he was taken ill; it was the middle of October before he was able to creep feebly out of doors and sit in the sunshine. Once only had he looked in a mirror, and then the reflection of his seamed, scarred, livid face staggered him. On no one had the disease made such fearful ravages; yet not a soul who survived in the village of Millbay but blessed every seam, and revered every purple scar, and found a beauty in them that might be coveted by an angel. Surely it was their prayers and blessings, their looks of love and tears of gratitude, that reconciled him at last to his terribly altered appearance.

"If my love was hopeless before, it's doubly so now," he said to himself one day. "Did any one ever hear, I wonder, of a pock-marked hero? And yet it was all wisely ordained. My duty lay straight before me, however it may end for me."

It was Christmas before the doctor thought it perfectly safe to return to his cottage at Broadbay. His own had been the last case of the disease in Millbay, and all signs of infection had long since disappeared. He had recovered his strength, too; his step was as light and free as of old, his voice as cheery, his smile as genial; but the deep, discolored scars were still on his face, indelibly printed there, and it was only those to whom he had ministered in their sore need that saw a radiant beauty in them. For himself, he had almost forgotten them. What was a scar or two on his face to the deep, deep, sore scars on his heart? Who would care a jot whether a poor, solitary country doctor was ugly or the reverse? Such were his thoughts as he drove up to his

cottage with Mrs. Norton, the poor, solitary widow, beside him. She insisted on following him and serving him, and she was so utterly alone that he had not the heart to say her nay. A blue line of smoke curled from the chimneys, a cheery glow of firelight danced on the window-panes, the door stood hospitably open, to his unbounded surprise.

"Ah! this is like coming home. What good fairy has been at work, I wonder?" he said, stepping into the light and warmth.

"Madgie! oh, my darling, is it indeed you?"

"Me, Phil! why, of course; who else should it be?" Then drawing closer: "Dear Phil, can you forgive me?"

"Forgive you, Madgie?" he said, huskily; "forgive you what?"

"My folly. I'm wiser now, Phil, and I think I know the value of the treasure I once despised."

"Come nearer to the light, Madgie, and look at me. I'm less like a hero now than ever!"

"Phil, I wouldn't have one of these changed," and she laid her hand lightly on his cheek. "I would not give one unsightly scar for the Cross of the Legion of Honor. You are the hero of my heart now; long ago I wanted the hero of my fancy and imagination. Forgive me, Phil, and let us forget all my folly, for I'm heartily ashamed of it."

Just then the bells of Broadbay Church rang out a joyous peal, and friends gathered round to welcome back the doctor, and wring his hand heartily, looking the praises they could not speak. To go forth bravely in search of honor, and return victorious, is a great thing; to go forth and brave death at the call of duty is a good thing. And as Phil Bentick glanced round at the kindly faces about him, he felt he had his full reward.

A few weeks after, Madgie and Phil were married; and when Nellie Grahame came to pay her long-promised visit in the summer, and heard by degrees the whole story, she was forced to admit that Madgie's hero was a real hero after all, and one "whose like" we do not meet with every day.

VIRTUE.—There is nothing which shows more clearly the truth and goodness of virtue than the universal homage that is paid to it. Those who walk in its paths, and those who stray far from them, unite in pronouncing them to be the right roads to take. The drunkard never upholds drinking, the sensualist never recommends impurity, the swindler never justifies dishonesty, the oppressor never vindicates cruelty. They never desire their children to follow in their footsteps and copy their vices; on the contrary, they endeavor to counteract the influence of their own example and to remove far from them the temptations under which they themselves have sunk.

CHURCH COURTESY.

NEVER having been a traveler in foreign lands, nor at this time enabled to call to recollection anything which travelers may have said in regard to church courtesy in other countries, the question has often occurred to me, whether our people, as a nation of congregations, are not, collectively and individually, exceptionally cold and inhospitable to the stranger who sits down in our midst, to be partakers with us of the crumbs of spiritual food which fall from the Master's table.

Although a member of a denomination in which I feel satisfied and at home, it has been my privilege to attend, for a short time, at different periods in my life, churches of various denominations in which I also felt comfortable (therefore it is not because of personal feeling I speak), yet I say in all kindness, I have never seen it the rule to vouchsafe to the stranger the necessarily subdued, yet cordial welcome, which we would accord to any one who brought a letter of introduction to our homes from a mutual friend.

The mere fact of the stranger's presence at church, is his letter of introduction from the Master, and it illy behooves us to receive him coldly, much less for the time being to look upon him as an intruder.

Several years ago, in a country town, I saw a middle-aged gentleman, a stranger like myself, and only there for the day, enter a church and quietly take a seat at the head of one of the pews. A few minutes after the family came in, and without a sign of welcome or recognition, waited for him to vacate. He did so immediately, and then tarried a moment to see if there would be room, but the pew was full.

Beside the two young daughters of the family, of whom, of course, nothing could have been expected in the way of recognition by the stranger, there was the father and two sons, any one of whom could have taken a seat in any part of a church familiar to them from childhood, thus making room for the wayfarer, but as no such effort was made, he entered a pew farther back, only to be again dislodged, upon which he withdrew to the pew farthest back in the church, which he retained until the Sunday-school in the basement adjourned, when the class of colored children came to claim their wonted seat, and the gentleman, finding no place for him in the house of God, arose and went away.

We hope and believe this case exceptional, but still think that the time wasted in useless discussions and surmises as to the recognition of friends in Heaven, could be better employed in recognizing those on earth who might be friends of ours and of the church, if we would give them the opportunity; whose hearts we might warm and

cheer by extending to them the hand of Christian fellowship, and giving them, for the time they tarry with us, the best seat in our pew, the best hymn-book in our rack, and, at least, something of the courtesy and attention we would give to a dear friend whose bark had drifted for a little while into the same haven with ours.

Incumbent upon our recognition and sympathy as transient visitors to our churches may be, perhaps those who have taken up their abode in a new neighborhood, and consequently have to attend a strange church (alas, that it should so literally be strange), have more reason to feel aggrieved at the coldness and want of sympathy evinced by their fellow-worshippers. We have heard persons witty in every way, refined in manner, agreeable in person and of genial disposition, remark that they had attended at one church for more than a year, and with very few exceptions, had met with no recognition whatever. The minister, perhaps, had called to see them, and had expressed his gratification that they had become members of his congregation, and there in a manner the matter ended. Everybody appeared to have plenty of friends and acquaintances to whom to bow and smile, and perhaps exchange a few words of greeting, and there was nothing left for the strangers, who, perhaps, having left a circle of warm friends and church associates, were feeling the neglect more keenly than they would acknowledge even to themselves.

It may, perhaps, be objected that we do not go to church to meet our acquaintances, but to worship God. Very true; but we all know, by experience, that the frame of mind in which we listen to a sermon has much to do with the effect of that sermon upon us; and when one feels he is among those who can dispense pleasant words and genial smiles, but not for him; have kind and sympathetic hearts for those with whom they are acquainted, but naught but stony indifference for the stranger, he cannot feel at ease in the chilling atmosphere, and his interest in church and church-work cannot but flag.

In city churches where pews are reserved for strangers, and salaried ushers on the alert to show them to those pews, the stranger may not feel that he is discommoding any one by his presence, none the less may he feel his isolation as he passes groups of his own sex, at his entrance and exit, who, after one casual glance forget his very existence.

If we would but reflect that our word of welcome may assist in deciding for the good the person halting between two opinions; be a remembrancer of his innocent, country home to the tempted boy thrown on his own responsibilities in a strange city; a gleam of encouragement to the weary one toiling for bread; a ray of comfort to the one almost despairing who may be bearing the burden of an incurable malady, and it may be

whose last Sabbath on earth we were privileged to cheer had we so willed it; then for our own sakes as well as for theirs, let us not withhold the word of welcome—that

“Little gift from out our store,

Which might have gladdened some sad hour,

When they of earth's poor needs were poor,

But never may be needed more.

MARY E. IRELAND.

HOW TO MAKE FRIENDS AND HOW TO KEEP THEM.

WE all wish to gain friends, and we are never too young to begin. Indeed, our earliest friendships are often the best, and afford by a long way the most enjoyment. I do not think Leigh Hunt recorded an experience any different from that of the rest of us who are grown up, when he said, “If ever I tasted a disembodied transport on earth, it was in those friendships I entertained at school.”

Generally speaking, friends may be divided into two great classes—real friends, with whom to be intimate is one of the greatest pleasures of life; and make-believe ones, whose professions of attachment are not worth a straw, and who may often be won in our young days for so small a consideration as a few sugar-plums or half an orange.

The make-believe people are always plentiful enough, and a great many hard things have, from time to time, been said and written about them. But we shall treat them better, and say nothing, either good or bad, except this, that make-believe friends are much better than enemies, and that to go through life suspecting interested motives on the part of those by whom we are surrounded, is to deprive existence of a great deal of innocent happiness.

Real friends are difficult to meet with, they are not sent into the world thirteen to the dozen. “It is not so difficult to die for a friend as to find a friend worth dying for.” So say the disappointed and the ill-natured. But the world has not come to that pass yet, as most of us can testify, rare though real friends be.

We have put “How to make friends” at the head of this paper, but you cannot give a recipe for making a friendship as one might for making a plum-pudding. It is a strange process, and how two kindred spirits come together could hardly be explained even by the friends themselves. How not to make friends is more easily shown. Be cold, be proud, be ill-tempered, be selfish, and the thing is done.

It has often been discussed whether people must have the same tastes to be fast friends. Experience says no. A similarity of principle, however, is essential to true friendship. The motives underlying the conduct, and the feelings which influence

the tastes, must be the same, or there can be no lasting harmony. We sometimes make the mistake of trying to win the affection of people who, when we get to know them, are found to have very little in common with us. In such circumstances the wisest thing is to gradually withdraw from their company and restore them to their proper place in the rank of mere acquaintances.

Friendship is more diplomatic than love, and friendship at first sight is almost unheard of, whatever love at first sight may be.

Take care to have good friends, and to admit to close confidence only those who are worthy of trust and affection. It would be better to live all one's life as solitary as the Scotchman who is said to be sitting on the top of the North Pole than to honor with the name of friends any whose characters will not bear investigation. We are judged by the company we keep, so let us try to be possessed of those good characters that the world unhesitatingly distributes to all who frequent good company.

No doubt it is often difficult at first to make out the real disposition of those with whom we are growing intimate, for people do not carry their faults written on their foreheads. But whenever we see, beyond doubt, that they are not desirable acquaintances, have done with them forever. Fly from them, all gentle spirits; the world may call you timid, but for you I have nothing but sympathy and praise.

Having won our friends, the next thing is to do our duty by them. There is only one way to retain them—treat them properly.

We should not, to begin with, be too familiar with them; neither taking up too much of their time, nor giving them too much of our company. There is no greater pleasure than being happy with those we care for, but we must not overdo it. It was good advice that Solomon gave when he said, “Withdraw thy foot from thy neighbor's house, lest he be weary of thee and so hate thee.”

It is our duty to try to be of service to our friends. “Friendship,” remarks some one, “does not consist merely in saying good morning.”

Particularly, we ought to be of use to our friends when they are in trouble and difficulty. This is the true test of friendship, and it is one it too often breaks down under. “A friend is rare to be found that continueth faithful in all his friend's distresses.”

Another duty is to take the part of our friends, if in their absence people speak against them. It is a very lukewarm friendship that would sit silent under such circumstances. Friends, we must remember, are like partners in a business, bound to support the credit of the firm.

Likely enough our friends will occasionally disappoint us. They will show countless faults and eccentricities of character, and do many a thing we in our wisdom would have left undone. But

we must summon a philosophical spirit, and put up with that. If we look for a perfect friend in the world, we are like to die friendless. And it may be some consolation to think that we ourselves are likely pretty often to disappoint our friends. We must always do our best, however, to give them neither offense nor annoyance. The golden rule should be the friends' directory, and when at times it is lost sight of, human nature being weak and tempers uncertain, a little con-

venient blindness and deafness on both sides is not amiss.

Having said that we should exercise the greatest care in the selection of our friends, it is hardly necessary to add that we should look on the tie as one that is to last for life. On this subject we would say more, but space fails us. By way of conclusion, the best wish for us all is, that when we grow old, as we must do, the fast friends of our age may be those we have loved in youth.



TO A BUTTERFLY.

SAY little flutterer, why do you wander
Ever amid the gay, beautiful flowers?
Are you a salaried, daily reporter
Gathering items through all the long hours?

Why did you tell of the violet's sister
There in the corner at close of the day,
How the tall marigold stooped and then kissed
her
Just as a glow-worm was passing that way?

Kindly invited to floral festivities,
Why do you go and tell all that you see—
All the flirtations and seeming proclivities,
Joyful and harmless however they be?

You said the Miss Pansies were dressed in gay
satins,
When female reporters would quickly agree
That they always wear velvet, at vesper or matins,
With gems at the breast that are lovely to see.

Young Poppy, you said, was elated by sherry,
When every one knows that he does not take wine,
And oftener seems to be drowsy than merry;
To opium all of his race do incline.

And now I advise you, be wary, and never
Repeat what you only surmise to be true;
For guesses are dangerous, even if clever,
And often the guesser his talent may rue.



CHORUS OF THE FLOWERS.

WE are sweet flowers,
 Born of sunny hours;
 Think, when'er you see us, what our beauty saith;
 Utterance mute and bright
 Of some unknown delight,
 We fill the air with pleasure by our simple breath;
 All who see us love us;
 We befit all places;
 Unto sorrow we give smiles, and unto graces,
 graces.

Mark our ways, how noiseless
 All, and sweetly voiceless;
 Though the March winds pipe to make our passage clear,
 Not a whisper tells
 Where our small seed dwells,
 Nor is known the moment green when our tips appear.
 We thread the earth in silence,
 In silence build our bowers,
 And leaf by leaf in silence show, till we laugh
 atop, sweet flowers.

See, and scorn all duller
Taste, how Heaven loves color;
How great nature, clearly, joys in red and green;
What sweet thoughts she thinks
Of violets and pinks,
And a thousand flashing hues made solely to be
seen;
See her whitest lilies
Chill the silver showers,
And what a red mouth has her rose the woman of
the flowers.
* * * * *
Trees themselves are ours;
Fruits are born of flowers;
Peach and roughest nut were blossoms in the
spring;
The lusty bee knows well
The news, and comes pell-mell,
And dances in the bloomy thicka with darksome
antheming.
* * * * *
Who shall say that flowers
Dress not Heaven's own bowers?
Who its love without them can fancy—or sweet
floor?
Who shall ever dare
To say we sprang not there,
And came not down, that love might bring one
piece of Heaven the more?
Oh, pray believe that angels
From those blue dominions
Brought us in their white laps down, 'twixt their
golden pinions.

LEIGH HUNT.

OUR VISITORS.

"MADGE," I said, as I came rushing in, "good news for you! Marie Roze and Brignoli are going to give a concert, and Julia Rive-King and Teresa Carreno are the instrumentalists!" and I gave a war-whoop, and danced up and down the room, swinging my bonnet round and round by the strings.

"O Jen, do stop that noise, and sit down; you will ruin your bonnet, and now you'll never get another," groaned, rather than said, my patient elder sister.

Surprised, I brought my manœuvres suddenly to a close, and ejaculated: "What in the world is the matter?"

"Don't ask," was the answer.

"But I will; and I am going to know!" I persisted.

"Well, we received a postal right after you went out this morning, saying that the Carrolls have moved from Bethlehem and are going West, and that they will be here this afternoon—Mr. Carroll and George to 'stay a few weeks,' and Mrs. Carroll to make 'a nice long visit.'"

"You sent them word that we could not accommodate them, of course."

"No, we didn't," and Madge puckered her pretty face and winked suspiciously. "How could we? They did not say where they are now, and I could not make out the post-mark. Besides, it would not reach them in time. Why they are on their way here now," and Madge laid her head on the table and cried in earnest.

"Never mind, Madgie," I said, stroking her wavy, brown locks—though I will here confess that I felt considerably shaken about the where-withal.

A word in explanation of this scene. Our father, a man in moderate circumstances, had died three years before, leaving five children. Margaret, the eldest, was then seventeen years old; Jane (myself), familiarly called Jen, two years younger; Laura, Elizabeth and Will were respectively twelve, nine and seven. We were compelled to do something; so Madge kept house while mother, who had considerable literary ability, secured a position as assistant editress on a daily paper. During a certain portion of each year, I acted as day governess to three children. Laura, Lizzie and Will went to school. So much for ourselves.

The expected visitors were Mr. and Mrs. Carroll and their son George, aged twenty-two. They had formerly lived in the same city as ourselves. Afterward, mother and I had stayed *once* over night with them when passing through the city to which they had removed. Mr. Carroll had at that time displayed great fear that we might stay longer, asking repeatedly what train we proposed taking. They were, perhaps, better off financially than ourselves. They were good, moral, religious people—far be it from me to insinuate aught to the contrary. All three were members of church in good standing. Mr. Carroll could pray as long, and preach *at* one as long, as any minister in the land—much longer than the great majority of ministers. He was an Englishman of the middle classes; and though he could not make money in that country, and owed all he was to America, yet he never failed to exalt English customs and institutions as infinitely superior to our own. He had an affectionate way of telling some trite commonplace, with the air of a literary Edison, throwing the electric light of his knowledge into your Egyptian darkness of ignorance and illuminating it by his genius.

Mrs. Carroll was a short, stout woman, with a benignant, smiling, clumsy way. She broke a china plate and upset her teacup with the same drawling, "Look what I've done! It is too bad!" and the same smile and sigh. She had a very sociable way of examining your things—going through your drawers and closets, and looking over your papers and letters, if any there chanced

to be. Had you an article of furniture or apparel that she had not seen before, she was always sure to finger, and smooth, and rub it, to determine the quality of the texture. Then she said: "Oh, my, isn't it nice! How much did you give for it? I'd like one just like it." And she never stopped questioning until she had ascertained all the particulars, when she would kindly volunteer the remark that "it was rather high, and you must have considerable money to be able to afford it." She also had a fondness for going into your kitchen and seeing what was being prepared for meals. All this was very sociable, and would, no doubt, be greatly admired in some places; but I frankly state I am very queer, and always feel inclined to denominate such a person an impudent busy-body.

George, the son, had been to college; never been in any scrapes, and knew all about every subject that could be mentioned. He privately and confidentially admitted to Madge that he could marry any girl he wanted to. And from subsequent observations, I infer that the class of young men who think this, though they perhaps are not so candid as he, is decidedly on the increase. The bump or quality of veneration must have been entirely omitted in his composition, for he never scrupled at contradicting anything or anybody. He hated strong-minded women as he hated the Prince of Darkness; in fact, he would have given the latter the preference. Indeed, so prejudiced was he against women having any mind at all, that once at a debating society, where the subject of discussion was, "Should women be granted the right of suffrage?" and the affirmative had all the strength, he voted alone on the negative, fearing, as he afterward said, that the fair sex might feel encouraged to new endeavor, did he do otherwise.

All three had the delightful habit of eating with their knives, cramming their food down their throats, grinding their teeth audibly, and smacking their lips loudly, to testify, I suppose, their appreciation of our viands.

Do you wonder, then, that our hearts failed us that September noon? There was nothing left for us to do but prepare for their coming. So we made a bed on the lounge in mother's room for Will, while Madge and I prepared to take possession of his bed.

"It is a good thing we're thin, Madge," I said, "otherwise this single bed would not accommodate us. However, my dear, George will no doubt appreciate your self-sacrificing disposition in giving up our room, and marry you."

A pillow well-aimed stopped further remarks from me at that time.

Just at tea-time they came. He called us "dear children;" she, "darlings;" and George said, "How are you folks?" She told us, as we welcomed them, how hungry and tired they were.

"We have come all the way from Rome." (Not the Eternal City, but Rome, New York, reader.) "We were visiting friends, but they were going to boarding" (here Madge and I smiled, and mother's eyes twinkled), "so we came to pay you a visit. We didn't get any dinner. Those dinners on the cars are so dear, and you don't have time to eat much; besides, we knew you would have a good supper ready, and we couldn't bear to spoil it."

That they had not spoiled it I can bear abundant testimony, for they ate as I never saw anything with two feet eat before. By a strategic movement that would have reflected no discredit on the general of an army, Mr. Carroll secured the head of the table, and he kept it during his stay, despite numerous endeavors to oust him. Had he been the host, and his wife and son his guests, his manner would have been perfection, supposing there had been no others at the table.

"Ah, Mrs. Carroll, you like the breast of chicken—ah, and here is the liver! George, you will take the wing—yes, just so. I always like the breast and heart myself," with a bland smile at us.

Then, without consulting our tastes, he hastily helped our plates and passed them round.

That was all the conversation they vouchsafed during the meal, unless they wanted some edible. If we had any delicacy, they greedily devoured it, remarking that it was "very nice." Madge finally ordered the girl to save a portion for mother in the kitchen, and there, after the meal was over, our gentle mother ate it while Madge and I kept them entertained.

School-boy Will said: "Mother, he is a greedy old cormorant. If I was a man, I'd punch his head."

And our dear, long-suffering mother answered: "Hush, my son, they are our guests. Remember the book which says, 'Use hospitality one to another, without grudging.'" And Will, silenced but not convinced, wended his way to school.

On the morning following their arrival, their trunks, seven in number, came.

How shall I tell you of the days and weeks that followed? They expected to be constantly entertained; if left alone they were offended. They were late to breakfast, late to dinner, and kept supper waiting till they came back from sight-seeing at eight in the evening.

He had "always wanted to see how newspapers managed and conducted their work;" so all three called at the editorial office, "just to look and see, you know," what mother did; and one fine day they came to visit me at my pupils' residence.

Mrs. Carroll said afterward: "It was shameful, the amount of fine things those people had; they must have cost a fortune. Only to think how

much good the money would do if it were given to the poor."

In spite of all my efforts, I thought of that disciple who, when his Master was anointed, said, "Why was not this ointment sold and given to the poor?" and of whom it is recorded: "This he said, not that he cared for the poor." And I wondered if Judas was not possessed of this same spirit of envy and malice.

I almost lost my situation through their attentions; and the editor in chief, naturally a mild man, pulled nearly all his whiskers out in endeavoring to maintain that suavity of manner for which the craft is noted.

George pulled Lizzie's curls, badgered Will, and tried to kiss pretty fifteen-year-old Laura. She, indignant, went crying to Madge, and when mother came home Madge told her. This was more than even mother could stand, so she spoke to Mrs. Carroll about it, and asked her to remonstrate with George.

Mrs. Carroll laughed till her two hundred and twenty-seven pounds avoirdupois shook. She (Mrs. Carroll) thought it was "too funny, dear George!" and she told mother not to mind, that he had "quite a notion for Madge."

What mother said we never knew; but suffice it to say that her answer blasted George's hopes in that direction forever.

The first thing in the morning Mr. Carroll demanded the paper. In the evening it was: "Ah, was not that the paper—yes, just so; I will take it, ah."

Our magazines had to be surrendered; in fact, the enemy took entire possession of the camp (i. e., the house), and used our things as though they were his own.

After enduring three weeks of unmitigated torment, during which our girl (who had been with us eight years) threatened repeatedly to leave, and had to be bribed and coaxed to remain, the two ogres departed, taking four of their trunks with them. The ogress still remained; and she stayed, and stayed, and stayed. George had, as a parting memorial, broken a lovely little Parian statue, one of mother's wedding presents. Now his mother, to help us remember them, smashed a Bohemian toilet bottle that a dead friend had brought me from over the sea. In secret I wailed and gnashed my teeth; outwardly I was as calm and sweet as sunshine. When, one night, in saying her prayers, Lizzie added, "Please, Lord, make Mrs. Carroll go away," I could add from my soul a fervent "Amen."

Madge—poor, music-loving Madge—had been compelled to forego her practicing because Mrs. Carroll did not like to hear exercises; and she did not like to hear Madge sing because it reminded her of her sister. "She *could* sing, my dear."

Thanksgiving Day came, and still she was with

us. Laura, whom she had fastened on to comb her hair and otherwise act as maid, said she would leave home, and go to uncle's and stay till that woman had gone. Will said he would like to hit her with his shinney stick.

Just here let me say that our sturdy ten-year-old boy had been asked to bring her shawl, bring her bonnet, carry her bundles, and do any other waiting on she wanted; so he was a trifle soured.

It came within a week of Christmas, and still she stayed, and began to talk of her husband and George coming back, as they did not like it in the West.

At this juncture, when we were on the verge of desperation, Lizzie was taken sick, and I told Mrs. Carroll that the doctor did not say what it was, but that he shook his head, and said there were a great many cases of small-pox in the neighborhood. This had the desired effect; she quickly gathered her belongings together and bade us a hasty adieu.

Our "cupboard was bare," our purse empty, our tempers considerably worse for wear. But when, two days afterward, Lizzie came dancing down to breakfast fully recovered from her cold, and hugged me and said, "O Jen, you blessed old girl, you got rid of her!" I felt fully repaid for not having told *all* the doctor had said.

We had no turkey, we made no presents that Christmas; but this year we hope to do better. We have never had a line from the Carrolls since they left.

MARY F. LATHROP.

PRaise.—As a general thing we are too chary in praising and encouraging the efforts of the young, too free in criticising and depreciating them. Many a child's powers in various directions are thrust back into inactivity by the cold, unappreciative reception they meet with. Children quickly adopt the sentiments of their elders, and soon learn to put the same value on their own powers that others do. The parent, the teacher and the employer can easily teach lessons of self-depreciation which may cling through life, and forever prevent the development of powers that under more favorable auspices might have proved a blessing to the community; or, on the other hand, by cheerful encouragement and wholesome commendation, they may nourish many a tiny germ of ability and talent that may one day come to be a mighty influence, a perceptible power, in the world.

WHEREVER a true wife comes, home is always around her. The stars may be over her head, the glowworm in the night's cold grass may be the fire at her feet, but home is where she is; and for a noble woman it stretches far around her, better than houses ceiled with cedar or painted with vermilion, shedding its quiet light for those who else are homeless.

A POSTAGE-STAMP OGRE.

DOUTBLESS every reader of the HOME MAGAZINE has directly or indirectly been a victim to the mania for collecting old postage-stamps. Nobody knows whose hand threw the stone creating the first ripple, but by the time the widening ring reaches a farther shore, there's enough sentiment about the affair to make human nature wondrous kind and astonishingly active. The stamp ogre comes in no questionable shape. Everything is fair, square and far enough off to be true. Somebody has promised somebody else something if he, she or they begs, borrows or confiscates one million cancelled stamps.

Now it's some poor old lady who has been promised a home for the remnant of her days provided she collects the above amount. Again it's an orphan girl who is to secure an education through these means. However the main features of the narrative differ, no changes are ever rung upon the figures. There's always millions in it. Nothing less than a million stays the appetite of this wily, mysterious, stamp-devouring ogre.

Making this singular mania the special subject of an able article, the London *Queen*, among other very good things, says:

"Our correspondents continue to send us questions and declarations as to the practical value of used postage-stamps. The questions are little more than an endless repetition of one; and as for the declarations, in no solitary instance do they put it in our power to test their accuracy. However near we may seem to be to some grand discovery—the postage-stamp El Dorado—it inevitably dissolves into thin air, and the mirage of fiction reveals the desert of fact.

"Thus far our explorations in the great metropolis, and our notes in these columns, have never discovered a single baby saved from the Oriental demon of infanticide, a solitary Chinese room papered with obsolete stamps purchased with avidity in the markets of Utopia, or a poor orphan who has found a happy home."

We were as innocent as lambs when, some three or four years ago, the stamp mania attacked our household. An orphan was to be fed, clothed, educated. Whether it's the same old orphan, I can't say. Any way, this one's story came reasonably straight, compared with others that have since wandered our way. A gentleman with an honorable prefix to his name was well acquainted with a lady who who knew the great-grandmother of somebody's great-aunt who was intimate with a second cousin—here the scale on which I have been carefully weighing these statements goes down with a bump. Any way, let me assure everybody, the entire matter seemed resting on a solid basis of fact, and to work we went.

I recollect well the zeal with which we entered

upon our task, each determined to do her level best toward getting that orphan head under permanent cover. We clutched the morning mail more intent upon the tiny patch on the envelope's upper right-hand corner than upon the contents of the letters themselves. Unused stamps not having been called for, we never failed to pay postage. Yet, once one of Uncle Sam's innumerable autographs blurring the benign countenance on that bit of property, every correspondent understood it was to be returned—with interest, if possible.

Soaking them off the envelope inclined them to curl, so we just trimmed the edges, then, with needle and thread, strung our treasures in fifties and hundreds, forming a quaint rosary whose beads we told over and over carefully.

So we went on for weeks—months—enlisting credulous friends in the business, gloating over our accumulating treasures, holding special jubilees above every thousand counted in, and congratulating ourselves on having distanced all competitors. Our stamp castle didn't tumble about our heads, it simply vanished. Broke, like a bubble in air, leaving not even a bit of floating color on which to feast our eyes.

Next the old lady came along. Or rather the story of her necessities, and the plan for her amelioration, reached us. Our enthusiasm had somewhat expended itself. None of us, after a hasty glance around, pounced upon stamped envelopes on the street, as on the former occasion. However, we became active, if not madly zealous, and in addition to those already on hand we collected several thousand more. Then we learned that the aged mother had secured her million without our aid, and was in the Home.

At this point the appetite of the stamp ogre seemed to have been appeased. He no longer stalked through our dreams with his,

"Fe, fi, fo, fum,
I smell the blood
Of a letter man."

What to do with our stamps became a vexed question. Every little while our box on the closet shelf would tilt, and blue stamps and red, violet stamps and green, would "mingle, mingle, mingle" on our innocent heads and over the floor.

"Couldn't we make something out of them?" said Lou one day, shoveling up a miniature avalanche.

"If there's anything to be made out of them, lose no time, I beg you. Thanksgiving, Christmas and Fourth of July are on their way, and there'll be no end to the money you'll want."

"I mean something pretty," answered little sister, arranging reds and greens in blocks on the carpet.

"Tiles for my window-boxes!" exclaimed I.

"An inspiration!" cried Lou.

"Varnished with waterproof varnish," I added. "Whoever heard of varnishing an inspiration?" queried Bob.

Lou let a shower of stamps fall on his head, after which he held his peace, and we pursued our plans.

My boxes were simple, home-made affairs, and had arrived at a sorry condition. Plain blue paper pasted on the outside, and the stamps arranged at intervals in diamond shape, the whole varnished, transformed the clumsy things into something quite respectable. Lou insists they are "really neat and pretty."

Out of some little wooden dishes that came with our butter, we made a pair of card-receivers, and a couple of fancy baskets lined with cherry-red silk.

Quantities of stamps from which over-zealous friends had removed the stay of the envelope had frequently annoyed us by their doubling-up propensities. Lou called them "the curly ones." Here we found use for them. They formed pretty fluted borders for our card and toy baskets. For a catch-all, Lou covered a popcorn box, adding a red and green cord and tassels.

Next we tried our hand on a lamp-shade. With a white card-board foundation, and the curly stamps for crimps, we turned out a very pretty one. A friend with a mania for novelties went into ecstasies over it, pronouncing it one of the "sweetest, quaintest things" she "ever set eyes on."

A neighbor has promised to show us how to make a postage-stamp snake. The necessary instructions not having arrived, I must leave his snakeship out.

Once having entered upon this line of—shall I say decorative art?—infinite resources opened up before us, as they certainly will to all who read this article, and have been the victims of the stamp ogre. If he makes further demands, and humbugs us under whatsoever pretense, we'll have many a pretty ornament with which to appease him. Then we'll save up stamps and make more.

MADGE CARROL.

GOOD HABITS.—Habits of temperance, economy, truthfulness, honesty, generosity, once thoroughly engrafted upon the life of an individual, will accomplish for him what years of seeking and effort without them would fail to produce. They will open wide for him the gates of success, of honor, of respect, of affection, through which so many seek in vain to enter. Working spontaneously and almost unconsciously as they will after constant and intelligent culture, they release the power that produced them for still higher efforts; they form a foundation on which to build, without fear of overthrow, all the finest traits of excellence; they prepare the way for progressive virtue and for the beauty of goodness which is so rare, but so admirable.

THE LITTLE LOW ROCKER, WITH ARMS.

I'M an old-fashioned chair, and I've had a good deal to think about since Seth Akers made me forty-nine years ago—made upon honor, I was; or I never w'd have stood it. My master gin a barrel o' cider an' two shillin's in money for me. Mercy, on me! to think of all I've been through; I tell you it's no joke to live in a family of live an' growin' boys to say nothin' of hired help indoors an' out. It wasn't so bad at first. I stayed in the sitting-room and was treated cordially, but with a good deal of respect.

I remember when I first began to be used in the kitchen. My master brought me out and set me down before the great old fireplace where he had built a ruddy, cheerful fire and then went out. The twilight was deepening into night when he returned, bringing with him as sweet a little lady as ever I saw—slender and fair, and so sprightly.

"Sit down little wife and make yourself comfortable while I do the chores."

So it was his wife then! I thought it was a little girl. She sat down and rocked to and fro, and I felt, somehow, that we two should be friends.

Looking at my rockers are you? Well, these ain't the ones I used to have. My first ones got worn down so flat that I didn't rock good, and then they put a new pair on me; after that I rocked bravely, but somehow I haven't felt quite natural since. I had some good arms once, but the children gave a prodigious bang one day, and broke one of them; then the boys cut off my other one. I guess human folks w'd think it was queer logic to say, that because a body has lost one arm they ought to lose the other. Yes, he cut off my arms; the very one that had tended him, and all the rest of his brothers and sisters when they was babies. That's gratitude, I s'pose—that was more'n twenty years ago, but the thought of it makes my old body ache now; but wasn't I proud of them boys! (I don't s'pose he thought how I hated to lose my arms) and how I watched them grow up to manhood and womanhood, and how I watched their mother, too, that slender girl-wife. It's a standing mystery to me how she could keep up so, through all her work and care.

It was an awful blow to them when little Clifford died—pretty child as ever I saw. When he lay on a pillow, and his mother and I rocked him, I thought it would break my poor old heart to hear his plaintive, "Mamma, 'buse me." I should think they *did* abuse him! How I hated that hired girl—careless wretch, to let him fall into that hot suds. Didn't mean to, did you say? Perhaps so, but that didn't bring the boy to life. How did my mistress ever live through it! I can't bear to think of it. An' then there was another awful thing to bear; they had another child die. It was a good many years after, an'

I've been through a good deal in my day; but these two stand out grim and sad in my memory, and always will. I had my doubts about that child from the very first; she seemed healthy, but she was too gentle and too much like what I've always s'posed an angel is, to live long in this world. I did my best to make her mother see it—but la, it's no use trying to give advice. She didn't live to be but six years old, and then she screamed an' screamed, day an' night for a week—fits the doctor called it—but it *wa'n't*; nobody ever knew what was the matter. I knew she would die, and she did—their little Anna with her golden hair and brown eyes, I never loved any of 'em as I did her. It 'most made me crazy, and I groaned and creaked; and the hired girl said: "That chair is getting loose in the back—I wish the boys would fix it."

My patience! how it did rasp on my temper to be misunderstood so. I stopped short off, and never made a sound for a week, until one night my mistress came and knelt before me, all alone in the dark, before the old fireplace; and laying her head between her folded hands, groaned between her fits of weeping, "*O God, let me die!*"

I wanted to comfort her, but somehow when I feel the most deeply I never can express myself to suit me. How that woman broke down after that! And I pitied her more than ever.

But pretty soon there came another baby, with the blackest hair and eyes, and such a fierce child. Somehow I hoped it was the last one, for I was tired of holding babies—well it *was* the last, and as she grew up, though she wa'n't a mite like her, she made me think of the little Anna that died.

Well, a few years after this my master moved his family—that is, his wife and child, for the rest were grown up an' gone—into a smaller house, on to a smaller farm. Since then I've lived pretty quiet; and late years my heart had been quite drawn to their youngest child, Mildred, she is gentler than I ever supposed she'd be. My mistress has been an invalid a good number of years, an' I don't wonder at it at all, an' I guess this one has been the head of the house—old enough to be, that's the fact—must be over twenty—how the time gets away! I've been tucked off in one corner of the house an' hev had to guess at what was goin' on most of the time.

One day I heard strange voices down-stairs, and people moving around in all the rooms; then it was still, and then I heard them singing, and the words, "Blessed are the dead, that die in the Lord," chanted softly up. It sent a chill through my old limbs, and I strained every nerve to listen; but I didn't hear anything more, except the words, "He giveth His beloved sleep." I was sure that some one in the family was dead, but I didn't know who, and I can't tell how anxious I felt to know, till one day Mildred came where I

was, and sat down on the floor in front of me. She only said, softly, "Mother's chair;" but I knew that minute that it was my mistress that was dead. And then she laid her head down on her arms in my lap, and cried out, "O God, let me die!"

I felt just like taking her up in my arms and comforting her, only, dear me, I haven't got any—I felt so sorry for her. I've looked to her for protection ever since; and I know as long as she holds sway I sha'n't be made kindling-wood of.

Yes, I've known 'em all—Henry and David, the most good-natured rogues, little Clifford and Ernest (he was such a *good* boy—he had bright, blue eyes and such a hearty laugh—he died out West, I heard them talking about it). Then there was Paul and Eleanor, and last, dear little Anna and Mildred—the only black-eyed one of 'em all. I've taken care of 'em when they was babies, an' watched 'em, an' loved 'em, an' now in my old age I'm stuck off here in the garret alone. Some more gratitude!

Well, it isn't so bad as it might be. I don't get disturbed here, and I get some comfort from the warmth of the chimney; but it isn't like the kitchen stove. Mercy on me! how that apple-tree limb does dance over the shingles—I declare, I do believe now, even in my old age, I'd rather be down-stairs where I could see people, and be a little more useful, even if I had *forty* children on me!

ELIZABETH BRENT.

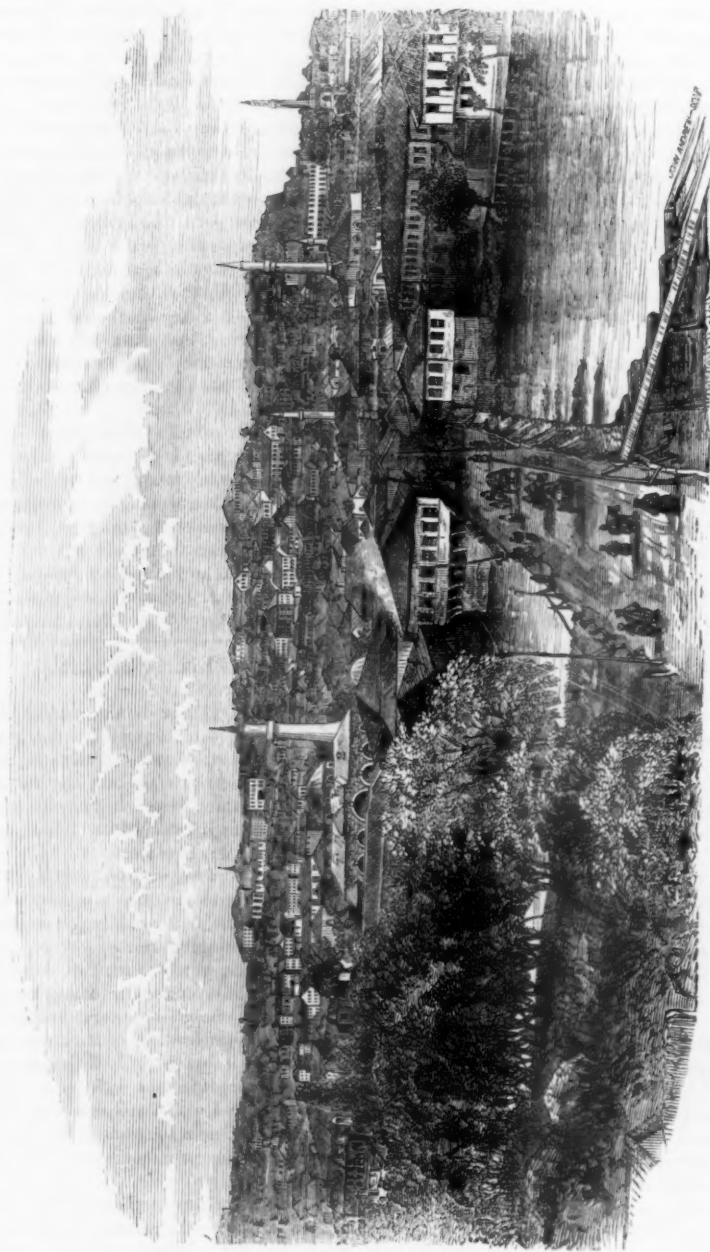
PHILIPPOPOLIS.

PHILIPPOPOLIS is the capital of the province of East Roumelia, which is a division of Southern Turkey in Europe, and which corresponds nearly to the ancient Thrace, Macedonia or Northern Greece. The city is situate on an island in the River Maritza. All around spread beautiful and fertile plains.

The town is rather well-built, with paved streets, and it contains twenty mosques, several fine churches, khans, baths and caravanseries. A few remains of antiquity are still visible, among them the old church in which St. Paul is said to have preached. The Maritza is navigable up to this place, and is crossed by several bridges. Philippopolis has quite an important trade, and is well supplied with bazaars. It is connected by rail with Adrianople, about eighty-six miles to the south-east; and with Constantinople, two hundred and thirty miles in the same direction. The town and neighboring province is the diocese of a Greek archbishop.

The principal productions of Philippopolis and the vicinity are silk, cotton, leather, tobacco, soap, wine and rice. These last two articles are considered the best of all produced in Turkey. Many beautiful vineyards, dotted with villas, surround the city.

The population, estimated at about thirty thousand, is very much mixed, consisting of Turks, Bond writes, "Since the Russians entered the city, the streets have been much cleaner. Pure



PHILIPPOLIS.

Bulgarians, Greeks, Armenians, Jews and gypsies. Since the war between Russia and Turkey, the Russian element has been largely felt. Rev. L. water was conducted by them to about a score of fountains in different parts of the town. Before then water cost ten cents a horse-back load. They

have also converted an old and hideous Turkish grave-yard into a miniature Central Park, with mounds, labyrinth, grottoes, and so forth."

Philippopolis was founded by Philip, of Macedon, father of Alexander the Great, whence its name. Next it fell into the hands of the Thracians, who retained it until the Roman conquest. The Romans called it Trimontium, from its situation upon a hill with three summits. Throughout its many vicissitudes, it always held its position as an important town. In 1818, it was nearly destroyed by an earthquake; in 1846, by a conflagration. In 1850, it became a station of the American Board of Foreign Missions, and most of the time since then, it has been occupied by two missionaries. During the war with Russia, many barbarities were practiced by the Turks, and the lives of the missionaries and their converts were often in danger; but the adherents of the sultan are no longer to have the power that they once had. The city is now under the control of the Bulgarians, who, though included within the boundaries of Turkey, form a distinct people.

PERFUMERY AND FLOWERS.—It is a curious fact that some of our sweetest flowers are unavailable for the purpose of perfumery. Sweet-brier, for instance, and eglantine can only be imitated. No process has yet been discovered by which their delicate perfume can be extracted and preserved; spirituous extracts of rose pomade, of flower of orange, neroli oil—also produced from orange and verbenas—when cunningly combined, very fairly imitate both. Lily of the valley—another useless flower to the perfumer, though of exquisite scent in itself—is marvelously imitated by a compound of vanilla, extract of tuberose, jasmine and otto of almonds. Almost all lilies are found too powerful even for perfumery purposes, and are therefore little used, even in combination with other odors, for it has been found in many instances that they do not harmonize well with the "fixing and disguising" scents in general use.

THE GOOD AND TRUE.—All through human society good is the most effective instrument with which to conquer evil. Not destruction, but fulfillment should be our effort. How shall we correct poor and unfaithful labor? By infusing the desire for excellence. How shall we allay discord? By nourishing and developing the germs of love that lie dormant. How shall we cure the faults and follies that we carry about with us in our own characters? By welcoming and nourishing the opposite virtues which have been neglected. By cultivating an interest in things that are higher we lose the taste for the lower, and by giving everywhere and always our loyal adherence to the good, and true, and pure we may conquer and outgrow the evil, the false and the corrupt.

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FIGHTING THE WOLF.

A WOMAN'S DEVICE.

"THERE'S no use. We might as well give up and be done with it. I've tried to keep up courage through all these long, wretched months of fruitless effort to get work, but total failure at last utterly unmans me. The worst must come. There's no help for it. I can no longer shelter nor save my family from starvation. Accepting this awful fact, I can see nothing in the world worth struggling for hereafter. The only good in it is an easy way to get out of it. We may as well seek that good with any means which we have left, Martha."

The woman addressed closed her firm, sweet lips resolutely, and glanced, significantly, from the limp, cowed figure before her to the serious, intent face of the boy gazing at his father, and drinking in, with hungry sense, the spirit of words that were scarcely comprehended.

"Me 'ove 'ou, papa, me 'ove 'ou," chirruped the wee girl, Dora, looking at him with wide, innocent, surprised eyes, and nestling her golden head against the man's nerveless, relaxed hands upon which he had dropped his rayless face, giving the last touch of despair to his crouched, abandoned attitude.

But the puny baby in the cradle set up a plaintive, peevish cry which seemed, to the morbid listener, an irritating, exasperating reproach for its unwelcome existence, and the mother, who alone could soothe such complainings, bent with divine patience and gathered to her bosom, with soothing murmur, the wailing atom of human discontent. Then the woman's clear, steady eyes turned with smiling light to the image of despair, her hand sweeping the unkempt locks of the bowed head with a compelling touch.

"Look at me, Adam," she said, quietly.

The man obeyed, but his heavy eyes shrank sullenly again from the seeking power and tenderness of the wife's earnest gaze.

"Is it manly or just to speak or feel like that?" she asked, with soft, yet direct appeal to his dignity and self-respect.

"Good Heaven! as though I had not suffered humiliation and defeat enough to crush all the manhood out of me!" he exclaimed, with querulous wrath, rising to his feet and throwing out his hand as though warding off the reproach. "I tell you I'm wearied and sick unto death with this wretched striving for a life that doesn't pay the cost. I was a fool and a knave to thrust the worthless gift upon these poor children to whom I can offer none of the joys which by right belong to them. It is cursed meanness to launch the helpless creatures into a world where we cannot find a place for ourselves—"

"Indeed, they are our inspiration, encourage-

ment and comfort in seeking a place," interposed Martha Renshaw, looking over the childish group with the tender love and yearning of her full mother's heart melting through the trouble of her face.

"But I never dreamed that I should have occasion for such regrets," went on the desperate man, as though he had not heard the soft contradiction. "I could not have imagined the possibility of such straits of poverty and want for the wife that I took to heart with the fond idea that I was to make her life one of exceptional ease and luxury. Good God! how little a man knows what he is able to do, and where the tide of misfortune will drift him in its downward sweep!"

The figure which had been crouching, shrunken and dejected, as though below the depths of excited feeling, was striding madly to and fro, convulsed with the agonies of renewed rebellion.

This was better than the apathy of the preceding mood, and the tension of Mrs. Renshaw's face relaxed as, putting the baby back in its cozy nest, she rose and laid her hand with assuring confidence on his arm.

"You are taking the darkest view of matters this morning, Adam," she said, soothingly. "Another time you will see all things in brighter light."

"An hour hence, perhaps, when the landlord turns us empty and homeless in the street," he responded, with bitter sarcasm.

"Ah, there is at least a day between us and such probabilities, and who knows what wonderful intervention there may be in a day?" the wife answered, cheerfully, beginning to set their one small room in order for the single meal that was usually served at the brightest hour in the twenty-four.

There were no shocking suggestions of extreme want and destitution in the tiny quarters where this quiet woman presided with lovely dignity, and a grace which seemed to diffuse an atmosphere of ease and affluence. The scant, yet tasteful articles of the room were arranged with an effect producing the impression of generous resources in house furnishing, and the cozy, round table, which she proceeded to spread with snowy, yet delicately-mended linen and quaint, pretty bits of china, conveyed no hint of the meager fare hidden under dainty napkins, nor did the covered dishes reveal the pathetic fact that they were filled only with the choice viands of imagination. Indeed, when the little family, at the beckoning smile of the hostess, gathered around the table no one would have guessed from the gracious and leisurely serving of the thin soup and small bits of bread that it was not the opening course of a most luxurious meal. And in the cheerful tide of talk, which the lady kept running, it was scarcely observable that she barely tasted the food so

graciously dispensed, the haggard, despairing countenance of her *vis-a-vis* alone betraying the mockery of the feast in which he made no feint of participating.

"Eat, papa," urged the little Dora, pressing a morsel of bread to her father's lips, but giving her own interpretation to his choking refusal, she clambered upon his knee, and throwing her arms about his neck, whispered, sympathetically: "Poor papa! Got the headache—feel bad?"

"You will not object to staying with the children this afternoon?" Mrs. Renshaw said, affirmatively, when the pretended dinner was cleared away, and the little table restored to a central use and ornament in the sitting-room. Adam Renshaw lifted his eyebrows in surprise and lowered them again frowning.

"And suspend my pressing business?" he said, with ghastly sarcasm.

"For a day," she answered, smiling, yet with a quiver of pain in her voice.

"Dear child," exclaimed Renshaw, with a sudden gush of tenderness. "You have need of whatever strength you can get from the outside world. Go. I will stay."

"It is so thoughtful of you," she said, appearing presently attired for the street by some miraculous touches of her plain dress as transforming as those she gave to her room.

And cuddling the baby to sleep by a mother's charmed spell, she kissed each of the others tenderly and glided softly out, leaving behind her that blessed atmosphere of love in which is still felt the caressing kindness of absent hands.

Little Leon and Dora ran to the window to wait and watch for a glimpse of the beloved figure on the street far below, straining their eyes until, with a cry of joy, they discerned her on the opposite pavement, a graceful, gracious lady, moving with quiet purpose through the surging crowd on some errand which, taking counsel with her own true heart, she had set forth resolved to execute.

"My mamma!" exclaimed Dora, with exultant pride, getting down from her high perch at the window as the precious object of her childish worship vanished from view.

"When I get to be a man I'll work for her!" burst forth Leon, with solemn enthusiasm.

"What will you do, my boy?" asked Renshaw, flashing suddenly out of his gloom.

"Why, carry bricks like Jem Hodgson, run a meat wagon, be a postman or drive a horse-car like Bill Barclay," promptly returned Leon, whose ideas of work were derived from his practical street acquaintances.

Adam Renshaw gave that peculiar lift of the brows by which he signified the consideration of a new suggestion. Perhaps he need not despair of employment, after all; and he smiled at the rising vision of himself sitting, day and night,

"like Bill Barclay," behind hard worked, overdrawn horses, urging, with whoop and yell, the poor, patient, pathetic creatures to the last strain of generously expended strength. But was not this better than crouching in abandonment of misery over his beggarly state, tempted by the mad impulse which had besieged him with present opportunity to put his helpless little ones beyond the consciousness of needs which he could not supply? The sharp spur of necessity might goad a man to ways in life undreamed in the lofty forecasting of youth.

An artist by profession he had entered on what he esteemed his appointed work, with flattering promise of success, but failing to please the popular taste as fully as other members of his guild, he had gradually lost prestige until, unable to meet the requirements of his growing family from the proceeds of his art, he had sought other occupation, only to find the tragedy of repeated failure through utter lack of training in any practical pursuit. Thus he had fallen, little by little, into the black depths of despondency where we discover him. But this afternoon, alone with the unconscious little teachers, incorporated in his household, they comforted him mysteriously; inspired him with hope, he knew not how; infused him with courage and faith in some infinite, unseen good, he could not tell why. All the sweeter and better was the feeling, because not subject to analysis.

It was quite dark when Mrs. Renshaw's light step was heard ascending the last flight of stairs to their high lodging. Leon and Dora sprang to the door with shouts of welcome, and the baby, who had been for some time wailing in dissatisfaction with his awkward keepers, hushed his complaint and stretched out his arms with a gurgle of delight as the mother came in with glad greeting, laden with small packages, and followed by a boy carrying the unaccustomed luxury of coal and kindlings for the tiny grate, which present occupants of the room had never seen lighted.

With baby nestling in her bosom, she sat down, smiling to respond to the excited questioning of the little ones with stories of the good fairy that had given her a pleasant hint of the way in which she could earn the nice things she had brought home, and which they were all going, presently, to share together. Meantime the fire was kindled by the boy who seemed, to childish imagination, a sort of magic-working gnome, and the wonderful lights and shadows dancing over the room made it appear quite a scene of enchantment, even to Adam, who was silently grating his teeth in chagrin and mortification that the charm was not of his creating.

"This is not the glow of charity?" he whispered, darkly, as his wife lifted her laughing eyes to his face at some quaint expression from Dora.

"Not a spark of it!" she responded, rising and tossing baby to his shoulder with a kiss. "Let us have supper, and I'll tell you all about it."

And with swift, miracle working the little table was speedily transformed to a festive board, by unexpected delicacies evolved from the mysterious brown paper parcels she had just brought in, the delighted children were set in order before it, and Adam was politely installed in his accustomed place opposite the smiling mistress of ceremonies.

"I'll tell you all about it," she repeated, when the little ones were helped to coveted fruit and cakes. "You know I am credited with some skill and taste in the arrangement of household goods," she began, modestly.

"Yes," Renshaw said, with a dry attempt at humor, as he looked significantly around the pretty room. "I think I've somewhere heard that you were a sort of household genius."

"Well," she went on, laughing at his hidden compliment, "the idea occurred to me this morning that I might turn my one gift to some material account, possibly, and I set out this afternoon determined to test my chances. Of course I met with discouragements. I expected them. My business was a somewhat delicate and difficult one to introduce, and my services as *artiste* in house-furnishing were doubtfully but deferentially declined at the first places where I professionally offered them."

"My sweetheart! That you should feel yourself compelled to the seeking of such humiliating offices!" Renshaw exclaimed, with burning eyes.

"Indeed, it was a novel and exhilarating experience!" affirmed the little lady, brightly. "And witness my reward! I was most cordially received at last in a very elegant house, undergoing the process of settlement by an in-moving family of critics, who could not agree on what they styled an artistic arrangement of furniture, pictures, statues, bric-a-brac, etc., in their parlors. I understood that I was welcomed at first simply as an element which each expected to add to the power of his or her view of the proper position of things, but a suggestion or two to start with gave a new opening to their vision, and moved the whole party to improved considerations, and the result was that I soon found myself installed as general-in-chief of the household forces, with *carte blanche* to adjust everything according to my ideas of harmony. And, will you believe it, Adam—"

"Indeed, I believe all things beautiful possible with you," was the fervent interjection.

"I succeeded in satisfying and reconciling the whole crowd, who accepted me before the first room was completed as a professional in the business, and immediately engaged my services at a fair price for the remainder of the week in rearranging the library, conservatory, and the entire house, in fact," Mrs. Renshaw continued, with an

incredulous little laugh. "And, see here! I have the addresses of several personal friends of the family, to whom I am recommended as an invaluable aid in certain contemplated changes, and also in the direction of parlor adornment for an intended festive occasion! A most wonderful run of good luck, isn't not? I hope I shall not fail to please. Of course I shall have to study character somewhat, and adapt myself in a measure to individual tastes; but every one is susceptible to a harmony of arrangement which is often not even comprehended until its influence is felt in a house. It is lovely to wipe out a glaring and painful effect by the substitution often of simply one picture for another. And, listen! here is another stroke of fortune! I have made a sale, I think, for one of your paintings. There is a space in the front parlor I was planning to-day that is just admirably adapted to the peculiar character of that picture of yours which has hung so long unnoticed in the exhibition-rooms, simply because of the execrable position and miserable light in which it is placed. I mentioned the subject incidentally to my patrons—though I didn't think it necessary to say that the artist was my husband, eh?—and one of the gentlemen thought he remembered it, and was quite in favor of securing the painting, naming the price which he was willing to pay, if I imagined it could be obtained for that sum. I promised to interview the artist and report the result. And, dear, here is the offer—what do you say?"

"Darling, I would have sold my soul for a loaf of bread this morning. The picture is yours," Adam Renshaw said, kissing reverently the little hand that lay on his arm.

"Indeed, it is worth infinitely more," she returned, apologetically; "but even this amount will be of practical value to us, and the picture will accomplish its errand more certainly in the atmosphere to which it will be removed. I think I shall succeed in creating a wild demand for your work, if you will not be too fine and elaborate for the appreciation which is founded on 'specie basis,' eh? Will you be willing to work to order if I find a certain style of picture may be accepted in a place where I suggest its requirement?"

"My little general, I shall loyally follow your commands, since you have proved yourself the better leader in practical affairs—"

"Because a woman can make herself so pressing and impertinent, perhaps," interrupted the "little general," who evidently did not relish praise by contrast.

"But I think the true principles of art will have to be sacrificed to sham and expediency in such an undertaking, Martha," Renshaw went on, doubtfully.

"Ah, well, well, that may be so," admitted this self-constituted agent, cheerfully. "Do you mind

a slight sacrifice for the children, Adam? There is a sort of 'art' craze just now in which crowds of good people, who know little of what they are talking, rush frantically after art decorations which it wouldn't hurt you to make a trifle less hideous than the fashion, and to palm off on inveterate seekers of the 'artistic.' But perhaps you think I'm going to deputize you as child's nurse and general housekeeper in addition to these experiments in a new line of 'art!' she added, archly.

"I found such duties this afternoon very comforting, sweetheart, though my mood was most desperate," returned Renshaw, softly.

"Ah, I knew they would console and refresh you, the blessings!" said the mother, with a tender glance toward the children, who were having a private jollification over the brightening prospects which they were swift to scent. "But I asked Milly Magill, whom I met on my way home, if she would bring her baby and stay with my little ones whenever I wished, and she was delighted to promise me, and is coming to-morrow. She is so lovely and sweet with the children, and they are so fond of her that I shall leave them without fear. And then it is such a comfort to find a way to help Milly withal! Indeed, Adam, we are a very happy household. Don't you feel like thanking God?"

"For my wife!" was the fervent response.

A. L. MUZZEY.

SELF-CONTROL.—The habit of self-control is but the accumulation of continued acts of self-denial for a worthy object; it is but the repeated authority of the reason over the impulses, of the judgment over the inclinations, of the sense of duty over the desires. He who has acquired this habit, who can govern himself intelligently, without painful effort, and without any fear of revolt from his appetites and passions, has within him the source of all real power and of all true happiness. The force and energy which he has put forth day by day and hour by hour is not exhausted, nor even diminished; on the contrary, it has increased by use, and has become stronger and keener by exercise; and, although it has already completed its work in the past, it is still his true and powerful weapon for future conflicts in higher regions.

CULTIVATE cheerfulness, if only for personal profit. You will do and bear every duty and burden better by being cheerful. It will be your consoler in solitude, your passport and recommendation in society. You will be more sought after, more trusted and esteemed, for your steady cheerfulness. The bad and vicious may be boisterously gay and vulgarly humorous, but seldom or never truly cheerful. Genuine cheerfulness is an almost certain index of a happy mind and a pure, good heart.

MULBERRY COTTAGE.

A SMALL house, a little, common, two-story house, close to a Puseyite church, with a tax-collector living next door, and a beadle over the way.

If ever a house was blessed with all the institutions of civilization, it was Mulberry Cottage; and yet—but never mind. I have been out and bought a quire of foolscap to set forth its story, and there are twenty-three sheets and a half left; so I need not anticipate.

Perhaps you would like to know who I am? Well, I am an old maid, managing to exist by keeping Lent all the year round on forty pounds per annum.

All old maids have pets, they say, to make up for a lost home. My pet is the parish; and a big, noisy, good-hearted, opinionated pet it is. It is a mercy for poor curates that there are such beings as old maids. What would dear Mr. Prym do without me? Why, bless your heart, he would be a candidate for Colney Hatch before two district visitors' meetings were over! And, if he saw my seat vacant at the daily services, it is my firm belief he would intone the prayers in a wrong key.

To get to church I must pass Mulberry Cottage; and, being generally early, I have leisure to take an interest in its daily appearance.

As I have said, the tax-collector lived next door, in Pine-Apple Lodge. Both houses might have been built by a fruiterer proud of his trade. The little iron gates were surmounted with apples, the knockers were bunches of grapes. An immense melon was carved above each door. The very houses themselves, more particularly Mulberry Cottage, looked like those mouldy ornaments in a shop-window with a meteorological man and woman trying to get a sight of each other round the corner.

I had taken a great interest in the cottage for many months, never passing without studying the flapping bill in the parlor window—"To be Let." The bunch of grapes was never lifted through all those months, cobwebs had crept across the keyhole, the garden-path was green with moss.

"House, house, when will you be a home again?" I used to think, passing by the apple-crowned gate and looking up at the vacant windows that, like the eyes of a dead man, were without a soul.

But Christmas passed, and the ghosts had the festival all to themselves in the tiny rooms. The hand of spring was lightly laid on the calm brow of the sleeping earth, forgotten flowers briskly nodded in the breeze across the moss-grown paths, and the weeds, taking heart of grace again, began to spread and grow rapidly. The woodbine sent forth long, tender sprays to make their way in the world. Life, and perfume, and beauty were abroad

—and still the dusty bill stared at me, and the spider spread his net across the keyhole.

At last—it was on a Monday, for there was a meeting that morning, and Mr. Prym waited for me after church—I saw the bill was gone, and a van before the garden-gate laden with furniture.

There must have been swift and willing fingers at work, for next morning the little windows were bright with snowy curtains, the bunch of grapes was polished till it shone again, and hard at work among the weeds was a man with coat off and his straw hat drawn over his brows. He glanced at me as I passed by, the fire of his dark eyes thrilling me with a curious remembrance of other bright brown eyes that had not given me such a careless look. He was a handsome man, this new tenant, with a proud, defiant face, a thick, black mustache, and all the air and bearing of a gentleman.

"Mulberry Cottage is let at last," I said to Mr. Prym, when he joined me after service. I always walked home with him—poor, dear young man, the parish would have gone to the dogs without me.

"Is it? Whose district is it in?"

"You must call," said I, decisively.

"Yes, I suppose so. I will go on Friday morning."

He took out his note-book and put it down at once, nibbling his pencil reflectively when he had finished.

"I think I shall have to go to London next week, Miss Lane. There is trouble at home."

"Indeed?" said I, expecting, of course, to hear all; but he seemed to have not the slightest intention of making a *confidante* of me.

"I can get Russell to do the Sunday services. Have you heard that the rector is coming home?"

This was news.

"When?" I exclaimed.

"In a month or two. I must look out for something else. If he wants a curate, his son has just taken orders. I shall be sorry to go."

He talked very coolly, I thought, of leaving the town where he had been resident curate for three years, while the rector recruited among the Italian lakes. I did not take it so easily; but then I was a woman, and an old maid.

I bade the curate good-morning, and went home round the bridge. The town stood on a wide estuary, three miles from the sea. From the bridge the breeze came freshly up, salt and pure. I stood and watched the bright, busy scene, till a quick, imperious voice below made me look over. A boat had just glided from the shadow, steered by the new tenant of Mulberry Cottage—a light, slender craft, with a white sail stiffening in the breeze.

"She will do. I will take her at your price," he said to the boatman.

He was going to buy a boat, then!

I looked anxiously over the railings next morning as I went to church. He was busy in the garden, but not alone. A child, a pretty, winsome, wee thing, played with a tiny rake by his side, her broad hat on the grass, and short, thick, curly hair hanging over her eyes as she bent to her work.

His daughter? No; his sister it must be— orphaned, perhaps; and I conjured up a whole volume of romance before I reached the church.

"You called yesterday?" said I to Mr. Pym.

Yes, he had called.

"Who are they?"

"A newly-married couple from London, named Villiers."

"Married! Why, she is a child! From London! Good gracious, Mr. Pym! Tell me all about it!"

"I don't know anything. If I did, I shouldn't be at liberty to tell you."

This to me—to me! I stopped in the road, thunderstruck.

"You wouldn't feel at liberty?" I echoed.

He cut me short.

"No, I shouldn't. A clergyman should have no *confidante* but his own conscience. Good-morning."

Those were his words as he turned and left me, actually walking away to do his work without my help. Adversity breeds heroism. I went straight home, wrote a letter to Mr. Pym resigning my district and my Sunday-school class, sealed the letter, sent it off, and lay down upon the sofa to have a good cry.

A loud knock. Surely he had come to beg me to take back my words. No—a note!

"Mr. Pym is sorry to be under the unfortunate necessity of accepting Miss Lane's resignation."

I threw the note into the fire. I felt ill, but resolved to do my duty to the last. I put on my shawl and bonnet to go my last round with Spartan fortitude. In the street I met the doctor's wife.

"I am going to call at Mulberry Cottage. Will you come?"

Come? I was equal to anything! We went down the lane, and up the garden-path. The garden was deserted. Mrs. Taylor pressed my arm.

"Newly married!" she whispered, with a sneer.

The parlor window was open. In the mirror we saw the reflection of a little childish figure clasped in the arms of something dark. We looked at each other and laughed. The door was opened, and we went into the tiny parlor, ushered by a small servant, and greeted the new wife and— Mr. Pym.

It was a failure, that first visit. Charming as

the bride was, naively as she apologized for her husband's absence—he was out boating—the visit was utterly miserable. Mr. Pym left at once, with a stiff bow to me; and, after a brief attempt at conversation, we followed his example.

Mrs. Taylor shook the dust from off her feet outside the garden-gate, and she and I—well, fancy two women, one bitter with insult, the other glad to destroy any reputation to cover the holes in her own—fancy them saying their worst, and you may imagine how we blackened the character of the child-wife in that homeward walk, how we shadowed with deepest guilt and slander that fair young brow.

I went home.

"Miss Lane be surely going to have a death-stroke!" I heard my landlady say. "My Sarah Ann looked like that before she got lumps in her throat, and went off before the tide turned."

There was a good big lump in my throat. I would hardly have rebelled if it had taken me where Sarah Ann had gone before the low tide sobbed back to the sea under the red March sunset.

Next morning I was ill. What was the good of being well when there was nothing to do? Were all the snubbed aches and pains of fourteen years roused for their revenge? I let them take it. For a week I lay in the tester-bed, counting the red roses on the wall and resolving them into strange hieroglyphics, watching the smoke of the baker's oven trail past the window like smutty ghosts, and making myself generally miserable. At the end of the week I received a letter from the doctor's wife. It appeared that the matrons and old maids were justly scandalized at the curate's behavior.

"He goes there every day just at dusk, when the husband is out boating," wrote Mrs. Taylor. "All the town is full of it."

A meeting was to be called at the doctor's house to consider the best means of punishing Mr. Pym. My attendance was particularly requested.

Would I go? You know little of a woman's, especially an old maid's, love of revenge if you think I hesitated a moment. The aches and pains were snubbed instantly, and meekly retired. I dressed in my severest cloak and bonnet, took my best reticule and started down the street.

Mrs. Taylor lived at the end of the town. I had to pass a slim, consumptive-looking house that seemed addicted to late hours and little meals. There was a brass plate on the door—"Miss Bray. Establishment for Young Ladies."

Now Ethel Bray was a particular *protégée* of mine. When she first bought the school, and came to the town with her widowed mother, there was a grand consultation among the ladies whether she should be one of the "We's." I took her part, gave her my pet class in the Sunday-school and the smallest district, took care of her, got her scholars, made her overcome her shyness of Mr.

Prym, and, when her mother died, sent her on a visit to my brother. So we were good friends. She was a fragile little thing—not pretty a bit, but very young, and meek, and gentle. If Heaven had given me a husband and a daughter, I should have wished the latter to be like Ethel Bray.

Well, on that day I was rather shy of the brass plate; but Ethel tapped eagerly at the window, and I went up the two steps and walked in. It was a half-holiday. No one was in the school-room but the mistress, her brown hair all dragged back as I had never seen it before, her eyes bright and eager. She stood in the middle of the room, a look on her face which I did not quite understand.

"Miss Lane, you are not going?"

I put down my reticule carefully on the desk.

"I am, Ethel."

"Oh, how can you countenance such—such wrong?" she faltered. Her pale face had grown scarlet in a moment. "You have called yourself his friend, Miss Lane. Will you swell the false, cruel voices of these women? Has his meek Christian life been nothing—all the witness of his earnest ministry nothing?"

I took up my reticule and carefully examined the clasp.

"It isn't an agreeable subject for any lady," I said. "Mr. Prym has pleased himself regardless of the proprieties; we intend to please ourselves regardless of his feelings."

She was quiet for a moment, overwhelmed by my retort.

"I am going with you. Mrs. Taylor wrote to me."

She dressed with feverish haste, and we went down the street together. At the corner we met Mr. Prym, walking slowly up. He lifted his hat with a steady hand, but never, never shall I forget the look—the tortured, hunted, hopeless look—in his blue eyes as he bent them on Ethel Bray in passing.

There was a goodly array of ladies round Mrs. Taylor's dining-table—all the district visitors except two, all the Sunday-school teachers except one. Who would lag at the call of virtue?

"I won't enter into particulars," said Mrs. Taylor, delicately. "We all know the cause of our meeting here."

Well, I will not inflict upon any one the speech that followed; it was sickening, even to me, who had not two marriageable daughters to make the curate's conduct seem more heinous.

"I have drawn up," she concluded, "a letter of resignation to be sent to Mr. Prym by all of us, giving up our districts and classes; and I propose that on Sundays and holy days we worship for the future at the church of the next parish. Miss Lane, will you sign your name?"

She handed me the letter, and I signed it with

trembling fingers, scorning myself for my agitation.

It was passed solemnly round the table, each hand signing, strong in the sense of virtue. Miss Bray was the last—a delicate recognition of her position as teacher.

"Come, Miss Bray," said Miss Scroggs, her neighbor.

"I am not going to sign," she said, steadily, looking round the table. "You are all very wicked women, ready to believe the worst, ready to sacrifice the good of a parish, the peace and good fame of a noble man, to your own ignorant spite! You are cruel, wicked women! Haven't you any pity for this stranger whose home you dare to blacken? You shall not stop me!"—to Mrs. Taylor, who jumped up. "I ask you in pity, in Christian charity, to vote with me. I propose that this letter be burnt, and that we all do our duty next Sunday as usual, and trust to Providence to clear up this mystery."

I have heard of heroes braving an army; but Ethel Bray did a braver deed when she stood up before us all and said those words.

The bitter sneers that were at once heaped upon the poor girl I will pass over.

She left the house, knowing that her livelihood in the parish was gone, that her school would be taken from her; but she never flinched, never shed a tear, though her heart must have been breaking.

Mr. Prym never noticed our resignation by word or letter. He missed many familiar faces from his congregation, but two soft, brown eyes that were gravely lifted from their accustomed place must have helped him to suffer and be strong.

How the Sunday-school got on that day I do not know—I never dared to ask. It was a dreary day of rest to me. I hated the church, with its high pews and duet of parson and clerk. It was wet, too, and I spoiled my best bonnet and squabbled with Mrs. Taylor about an umbrella. Then the clergyman, too, seemed to be preaching at me. For the first time I was identified with the unwashed, the crowd of idlers outside the church, with no Sunday employment, no parish interests to look after. I fairly cried as I made my way through the two miles of mud and mist to my dismal dinner and idle afternoon.

I put my bonnet to dry on the drawers, and sat down by the fire, with an indefinite idea that it could not be Sunday, yet wondering all the while who was taking my class, and whether Fanny Marshall could say her collect, or Polly Tomkins—poor little deaf Polly—had her seat next the teacher.

I must not wait to describe my feelings, or the paper will be exhausted before I have finished; but I never was so miserable in all my life, not even when the list of the dead of Inkerman came

home with his dear name. Then I had his mother to comfort, and duties to perform; now the whole of my life was left destitute of work or interest.

How many times I turned from the smouldering coals to the steady rain, from the dreariness without to the dreariness within, I cannot tell. At last I plunged the poker into the fire, and stirred it savagely, till the flames leaped and danced. I then put on my bonnet and waterproof and walked out into the rain. The bells were ringing for evening service. What was that to me? I was not going to church. My bonnet-strings were hardly wet—so swiftly I walked—when I turned down the lane that led to Mulberry Cottage. I was going to see Mrs. Villiers.

The bells were ringing. After me came the steady steps of somebody going to church. How I envied him! Quicker followed the steps.

"Miss Lane!"

It was Mr. Prym, terribly pale, his eyes shining with something like rain. I stood quite still, clutching my umbrella, as if I was afraid of him.

"I am not going to church."

My voice was awfully meek. I felt horribly ashamed of myself. He came quite close to the umbrella, and looked into my face with his kind, blue eyes.

"Can't you trust me, Miss Lane? We have been friends so long. Won't you trust me?"

I put down the umbrella, to hide my face, with one damp hand, and took his with the other.

"I have been a great fool, an unkind, uncharitable thing; and Ethel Bray is an angel!"—which was not at all to the purpose.

I went to church after all, and sat in my own seat. Just in front of me was a little, dark man, who looked like a footman, dressed uncomfortably in a suit of black. He seemed to like Mr. Prym's sermon, though, and made many notes in a rusty little book with a green cover. I hope they did him good, for it was the most beautiful sermon I have ever heard in the whole of my life.

"That's Lord Grystone," said the pew-opener to Ethel and me, as we came out into the porch just after the little man, who was tugging on a bottle-green overcoat with deep pockets.

He was a sorry specimen of the English aristocracy.

Next day I began my work again, and Mrs. Taylor and I cut each other dead in High Street.

"You shall live with me, Ethel. One can live on forty pounds a year, and so can two."

The remark was pleasant, but not practical, I am afraid, though it cheered Ethel a little. We were standing by the clean school-room window on Tuesday morning, about half-past eleven. Just as the half-hour chimed, down the opposite side of the street came Mr. Prym and a queer-looking creature in breeches and green spectacles. Opposite

the school was the biggest inn of the place, a small one, with red curtains across the lower windows. Over the sanded threshold stepped the curate and his companion, and presently our startled eyes beheld them within the red curtains ordering something of the curly-haired barmaid.

Ethel drew away from the window and took up her work. I watched silently the movements of Mr. Prym. He went out of the room for a moment, leaving his companion drinking—only for a moment; then he sat down by the shining table, and I could see them talking and laughing merrily. Ethel must have known my thoughts.

"Charity, charity," she said, softly, her cheeks like roses; and, as she spoke, the servant came in with a letter.

"The boy from the 'Lion' brought it, Miss."

I looked over her shoulder.

"Mr. Prym's writing. Read it, Ethel, quickly."

There was an inclosure and a few words.

"Give me a last proof of your trust, Ethel. Take this letter to Mulberry Cottage at once. It is a matter of life or death."

"I will go with you," I said, hastily.

In five minutes we were shown into the little dining-room of Mulberry Cottage.

"Mr. Villiers is going out boating," the servant told us.

She retired with the letter, and in a moment Mrs. Villiers entered the room—pretty, childish, innocent as ever.

"My husband is reading the letter. It was very kind of you to bring it. Is Mr. Prym quite well?" she said, shaking hands with graceful ease.

She was dressed in a boating-costume of blue and white, with her fair hair curled up under her sailor-hat.

"Mattie, Mattie!" we heard her husband call; but he came in before she answered, his broad hat in his hand. "The letter is nothing. How do you do, ladies?" He stopped, and clenched his strong, white teeth as if in great agony. "I am afraid I am asking too much even of a neighbor," he went on politely to me; "but I can't disappoint my little wife of her cruise, and Mr. Prym is coming here on some business. Would you be kind enough to stay a short time, and give him this note?"

He handed me a folded paper. His wife would have spoken, but he interposed.

"If not, Miss —, your friend, will do it, I am sure. Come—the boat will be waiting."

He bent his great eyes on his wife as he finished speaking. I saw that she dared not disobey him. I, of course, professed my willingness to do anything I could, and, after a few apologies that brought a fierce frown on her husband's swarthy brow, Mrs. Villiers ran up-stairs for her parasol. She could not find it, and went through the tiny

rooms laughing at herself, while her husband bit his lip till it was red with blood. But he never spoke a hasty word to her, though he seemed tortured beyond endurance. He wildly was fond of his little wife; I could see that at a glance.

The dainty parasol was found at last; and like a living sunbeam she fluttered down the path by her husband's side.

"We must make ourselves at home," I laughed to Ethel. "How strange—how very strange this all is!"

Her answer startled me.

"Miss Lane, that man ought never to have left the house. He is mad; he is bent upon some desperate deed!"

"Ethel, you goose!" I cried, laughing.

She came over and laid her hand upon the back of my chair.

"That man had murder in his eyes. I have seen that look before in the eyes of the madman who stabbed my uncle."

As her low, frightened words were uttered, the gate opened, and Mr. Prym and the person with the green spectacles came up the path. With a trembling hand the curate lifted the bunch of grapes.

Ethel opened the door at once; but something in the blue eyes must have silenced her, for she never said a word.

"Where is Mr. Villiers?" said the owner of the green spectacles, looking at both of us.

I handed the letter to Mr. Prym.

"He will be back soon."

"Gone, by Jove!" muttered the man, turning to the curate, who read the short note, and then with a sharp cry let it flutter to the ground.

The man with the green spectacles seized it, and seemed to devour its contents at a glance.

"He's a cool card! Keep up your heart; you'll have your sister back in less than no time, sir!" he exclaimed, to Mr. Prym, who sat down upon the rush-bottomed chair in the passage and with startled eyes stared after his companion flying down the path.

"What is it, Mr. Prym?" said Ethel Bray, softly.

He caught up the letter and gave it to her.

"Read it. She was my half-sister," he said, and dashed down the path after the owner of the green spectacles.

I read over Ethel's shoulder:

"My wife shall never know the secret that has blasted my life—I have vowed it. We have gone together for a sail on the river, and we shall never come back. You may find our bodies and separate us in death if you like, but our souls shall go together to seek in the presence of Heaven the mercy denied us here. — E. VILLIERS."

The sun had set, and a few stars were shining through the dewy purple, when a cab stopped at the gate of Mulberry Cottage, and Mr. Prym

walked up the path with a little dark burden, followed by the doctor.

"Saved!" he said to Ethel. His first words and looks were for her.

The child-wife—the little widow—was laid in her own bed by tender hands. Unconscious of her loss, she lay and slept; and in the dusky parlor Mr. Prym told us the story.

Not in his own faltering words—I cannot do them justice—will I tell it.

Mattie was his half-sister, the only child of his mother's second husband. He was a merchant in London, a hard, just man, who lavished all the love of his nature on this girl, born to him late in life. He was very kind to his gentle step-son, who loved his sister dearly; and the old house outside the city must have been a pleasant home for many years till the mother died. That was the beginning of trouble. Charles went to college, and the child was left much to herself, to read romances and dream over life as girls will. In her brother's last term an old friend of the merchant's died, and his son entered the office as a clerk. His principal liked him, and invited him to the house a good deal.

Well, it was the old, old story, but with a tragical incident. Mattie and Edward Villiers loved each other, and, to pay the expenses of his first married year the clerk forged his employer's name.

Husband and wife ran away; and, after wandering through Scotland, they came to Mulberry Cottage—Mattie had set her heart on getting near her brother, whom she fondly loved. And now began poor Mr. Prym's troubles. He knew that the forgery had been discovered, and that the police were on the husband's tracks, and he positively refused to speak to Edward Villiers. If once he met him, he felt that it would be his duty to inform his father; and thus he created the scandal of those few weeks, and bitterly hurt Mattie by refusing to acknowledge her as his sister or to meet Edward Villiers as a friend. This much he told us, adding how Mattie had been picked up insensible by a fisherman's boat, while there was no sign of her husband on the wide waters.

"Poor fellow! He might have made a noble man but for his ill-starred love;"—and Mr. Prym sighed, and stirred the fire till the red light danced on his grave face, and brought out all the glitter of Ethel's hair.

He crossed the hearthrug, and laid his hand softly on her bent head.

"Ethel, the shadow of death is on our hearts; but I must speak. Ethel, dear Ethel!"

I left the room and went up-stairs, where the widow was sleeping with a smile upon her lips.

Shadow and sunshine forever linked together! Sorrow and happiness, joy and pain—twin brothers and sisters, never far apart!

Mr. Prym asked us to stay with his sister; and it was late when he went away. Ethel walked with him to the gate, and I dare say they kissed each other under the stars; but there were big tears in her happy eyes when she came back to me. Shadow and sunshine—they were thickly woven together that evening.

A telegram from Charles—I must call Mr. Prym that now—brought Mattie's father down next morning. Her brother broke the news of her bereavement to her before he came; and she was crying as if her heart would break in the little room up-stairs when Mr. Cave walked up the path, like Jupiter in a broadcloth coat.

His step-son took him into the drawing-room. I heard quick voices for half an hour, and once Mr. Prym said, pleadingly: "You will not tell her? Let her grieve in peace."

With a faltering step the merchant went up-stairs, and Mr. Prym came to us in the dining-room.

"I need not ask you to keep the secret. Her father will not tell her. She will never know it," he said to us.

An hour afterward a cab was again at the door, and Mr. Cave took Mattie back to her old home to bear the burden of a widow's life. Mr. Prym returned to us from the station.

"I have some news to tell you. I have forgotten it till now. Lord Grystone has offered me the living of Grystone in Kent. It is a beautiful place, with the prettiest rectory I have ever seen, and worth five hundred a year."

He paused and looked at Ethel.

"Will you accept it?" I said.

"I am afraid such happiness may make me forgetful of my work," he said; "but we will help each other, Ethel, to do our utmost duty."

Of course he would accept it! I went into the garden, trying to feel glad, but only remembering how I should be left alone. It was a fit punishment for my selfish uncharitableness. But, though willing to own we need punishment, we are none of us very ready to receive it; and Heaven was going to spare me after all.

They came to me in the garden, the happy young things, and each of them took one of my hands.

"Ethel and I are going to Grystone on one condition," said Charles.

"That you come with us," added Ethel, blushing.

"I can't get on in my parish without you," said Charles.

"Or manage the schools," chimed in Ethel.

"And you can help my little wife in her house-keeping, or we shall have fried copy-books for dinner," observed Mr. Prym, wickedly.

Ethel put her blushing face on my shoulder, and whispered: "You will come, won't you?"

What had I done to be loved so much? I never

felt so humiliated, and happy, and surprised in my life.

And I went to Grystone.

To-day—turning out an old box to find some doll's clothes for Polly, my little namesake—I came upon this story, written ten years ago, just before I left the old town for my happy home here among the sunny fields of Kent—ten years—such happy, busy, laughing years, filled with children's voices and all the sights and sounds of home. I have been walking backward up the hill of Time, with my face toward the happy valleys, and the fragrance and song of the enchanted ground of childhood floating up around me. The shadow and the desert hill may be above, but I cannot see them; my eyes are on the valleys.

But I will finish the story of Mulberry Cottage.

Ethel was married from my brother's before the summer was over, and we all kept Christmas together under the roof-tree of the rectory. Mattie came, childish as ever, even in her widow's weeds. Trouble had not made a woman of her. She would ever be a little babyish thing, winning and winsome as a kitten.

After his visit to the cottage, Mr. Cave seemed ill at ease in his grim, London house, and I was not at all surprised when he took the old doctor's red-brick house near the rectory, and came down with Mattie to live there; but I was surprised to find how happy the old merchant became, and what a love for flowers and poultry he developed in the sweet, country air.

So the years passed on, and one, two, three little baby faces looked wonderingly at the big lilies in the rectory garden as they bloomed summer after summer.

They are out there as I write, the darlings, running round the paths; and Polly is holding up her doll to me in triumph, while her mother sits in the summer-house, trying to sew, with Charlie losing her cotton; and coming across the summer fields is Mattie with her baby in her arms.

But I must hasten on to the end, for I want to know how his teeth are getting on.

It was two years ago that I was sitting in the parlor down-stairs, with Polly on my knee, telling her some wonderful story, when Charles came in, looking very pale and anxious.

"Put on your bonnet, Mary, come out with me," he said, gravely, taking away Polly, and beginning to talk to her lightly enough.

I was dressed in five minutes and walking toward the village.

"I wouldn't frighten Ethel," said the rector. "I want you to nurse a sick man."

He said it so strangely that I looked at him.

"There was an accident on the line—a slight accident only—near here; and this man was carried to my father's. He seemed so ill that the doctor

sent for me." He stopped again and looked at me. "You have strong nerves, Mary—don't faint or scream. The man is Edward Villiers."

"There!" I muttered, hardly able to grasp his meaning, but determined to prove that I had strong nerves.

"She doesn't know," he went on, hurriedly—"Mr. Cave doesn't know. Mary, you must go and nurse him, and bring him back to life. Poor fellow, he has suffered punishment enough. He may have happiness now."

By this time we had reached Mr. Cave's. With a sign of caution, he led me into the big greenhouse, where Mattie and her father were busy at work.

"Here's the good Samaritan," answered Charles. "She will take all anxiety off your hands."

"Poor fellow!" said the ex-merchant, snipping a bud off. "What is he like, Charles?"

"Wait a few weeks and you will see, or ask the doctor," returned his step-son, gayly. "Come, Mary, I'll install you."

In a few moments I was standing by the sufferer's bedside, and instantly recognized the dark-browed man whom I had first seen working in the garden of Mulberry Cottage. His handsome face was deadly pale, and full of heavy lines of pain. The thick hair was tinged with gray. He looked an old man.

Charles left me at my post; and soon afterward the doctor came, and I learnt from him the nature of the injuries. There were a broken arm and a severe blow on the head; but there was little cause for alarm. With good nursing, the wounded man would soon be able to move again.

Good nursing he had, though I say it myself. Besides the strong interest I felt in him, my love for Mattie made me tender and watchful; and in three weeks he was able to sit up in an arm-chair by the fire and listen to my reading.

I was reading some book to him one day, when with sudden vehemence he interrupted me in the pleasantest part, saying: "Listen to me, Miss Lane. I never forget a face that I have seen. I remember you well. I must tell you the story of my life, though it consign me to a murderer's cell."

I closed the book, and folded my hands to listen. He went on, hastily: "You know the secret that maddened me on that bitter day so long ago. My wife thought me noble, pure. Could I stand before her a convicted felon? Thus I thought when I read her brother's warning letter. Thus I thought when she sat before me in the boat, singing, while the evening wind filled the sails, and we floated on down the sunny river. A fresh breeze was blowing, and I held our lives in my hand. So we went on, I choosing death for us rather than dishonor, she singing gayly, song after song, all my old favorites. The last she sang, the last she ever sang, was 'Home, sweet home.' What bitter

mockery it seemed while I was preparing our death! I moved to her side and shifted the sail so that the next puff of wind would send us over!

"Home, home, sweet home—
There's no place like home!"

she sang—my little darling wife!—and the sail filled, the boat lurched, and we were struggling in the blue waters. I saw as I rose that there was a boat not far off making toward us, but it arrived too late to save her; she sank directly, while I—I, alas, could not drown! I was a strong swimmer, and I could not die."

He clenched his hands in agony as he spoke.

"In spite of myself, I reached the nearest bank. I crept in among the brushwood, and then I fainted away. The men in the boat had not seen me, for when I recovered I was lying among the brushwood still, and the stars were shining overhead. You can guess what my life has been since. I bear the brand of Cain, my life carries with it the bitterest of punishments. I have sought death in every shape, but all in vain. For eight years I have borne the burden of a murderer's memory, and even now, when I might reasonably have expected death, Heaven curses me with kind friends and care that bring me back to life!"

I jumped up and left the room. I could not bear to hear his self-reproaches. I ran down to Mattie in the parlor and caught her hands.

"Mattie, I want you to play and sing 'Home, sweet home' for me."

Her pretty face paled, as she answered: "I can't, dear."

I put my arms round her.

"You can, dear. My patient up-stairs is dying to hear the old song. For pity's sake, for dear charity's sake, Mattie, gratify him!"

She rose up, trembling violently. It seemed cruel, but I half-dragged her into the drawing-room, and opened the piano.

"You will, dear, for me."

She nodded, and sat down at the instrument. I waited for the first trembling tones of her rich voice, and then ran up-stairs.

"Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!"

Mattie's clear voice made the words thrill through the house. Edward Villiers started up.

"Where is that singing? She is calling me! I am forgiven at last! Mattie—Mattie!"

I caught his hands, crying and laughing in a breath.

"Your wife is living—Mattie is living and well, and loves you the same as ever. Sit down."

It was long before he believed the truth; his poor tortured brain could not understand the blessedness of my words. He fainted away with the shock, and I was well scolded for exciting him by the doctor. But I did not care for that. I left

him sleeping soundly, with our old nurse at his side, and went over to the rectory.

We had a long talk that night when the children had gone to bed. Mr. Cave must be told, of course, and Ethel declared that he would be heartily glad. He had said to her only a week before that he would give his right hand to see his daughter happier.

And Ethel was right. When Charles told his step-father the news next morning, he fairly cried over it, and actually forgot to water his flowers in going up to see poor Edward and settling the best way to let Mattie know.

But it was all over in a moment. Mattie, hearing our voices, came to the door to speak to her father, and we left her clasped in her husband's arms.

Dear Mattie! She is talking to Ethel in the garden about her baby, the great topic of conversation. I must go down to her, but I sha'n't say that I have been writing the story of her life.

She does not like to be reminded that there ever was a time when Edward and she were not so happy as now; and, though she knows nothing of the secrets of her husband, she does not like to think of those dreary years now swept into the past.

Shadow and sunshine ever flying together across the hills of life! Heaven help me to be more patient in the shadow when it comes again, more trustful than in those bitter weeks ten years ago!

A DISGRACE TO WORK.

"ONE thing I see, *you* do not think it a disgrace to work," exclaimed my friend, Mrs. Bell, sitting by my side in the gathering twilight of a short, winter day. She had come from her home amid the hills of New England to spend a little time with me. Our talk had been of home and home-work, of the daily round which, howsoever well done to-day, must be done again on the morrow with the same pains-taking care. Something that I had said drew the above remark from her. I could only laugh in reply. The very idea of its being a "disgrace to work" seemed so ridiculous to me when all my life long I had felt it to be a disgrace not to work.

"But there are some in this world of ours who think so," persisted Mrs. Bell, "some weak-minded ones there are who think a person who is not wealthy, but must work for a living, of no account."

"Then they are indeed weak-minded," I answered, "and you should be above being hurt by them. No one whose opinion is worthy of a moment's notice will think less of you or of any one, because you work for a living.

and "All labor is noble and holy,"

"Honor and shame from no conditions rise,
Act well your part; there all the honor lies."

"I know it should be as you say," was the reply, "but the poorer class of people, who can live in no other way than by daily work, are not thought much of. It is not the good qualities, the real worth or merit, but 'is he wealthy?' which decides his social standing. If he has money to spend lavishly, and makes some show of it, he is all right to most people. There are exceptions, I know; but, as far as I can judge, money hides much ignorance and a multitude of sins."

"Too often, and with too many it is so," I answered, "but it is just as I said before, those who feel in this way are weak and foolish. No true man or woman thinks less of any one because they work. So the work be honorable, and is faithfully done, it matters not to them whether it be mental or physical. The humble hod-carrier or street-sweep, if he be honest and upright, and do his work to the best of his ability, is far more worthy of respect, and does more real good than perfumed dandy or the haughty heiress who scarcely conceal their scorn as they pass him, and who draw their garments aside as if the very touch were polluting. All men and women, worthy of the name, will give the 'right hand of fellowship' to the toiler, and not make his lot harder than it need be. It is far better to be a worker than a drone in life's great hive, and no walk is so lowly but some honey is there for the earnest seeker."

"Do not think me sour or cynical," replied my friend, "but I see so much of this feeling oneself better than another, because of money or power, that sometimes I cannot help feeling hurt by it. The lack of money seems such a barrier to me, and keeps me out of society that I might otherwise enjoy."

"Money may be the passport in some society, Mrs. Bell, but it is not in the best society that it is so. Even if admitted in the other, it would bring you little real enjoyment or lasting good. It is only tinsel not real gold, and when once the glitter is gone, what is left? All this fawning and cringing at the feet of riches, this seeking to outshine the neighbor, and be sought for because of outward show or adornment, is weak and wrong. Whoever does it must surely lose in self-respect, and in the respect of all good people eventually. It is far better to stand independently and upon your own merits as a woman and a worker. Any pleasure or social advancement paid for in a loss of self-respect, is far too dearly bought, and, when once it is within the grasp, will prove to be but 'dead-sea apples'—bitter and unsatisfactory in every way. There is no nourishment for the soul in dry husks. It must grow by what it feeds upon,

just as the body does, and the fruits of honest toil, whether of the mind or of the body, are the sweetest and best. If any one thinks less of you because you must work for a living, pity them, but do not pity yourself. Have you ever read Holland's 'Arthur Bonnicastle?' Then you must remember how, in that struggle he has with himself ere he can give up the riches and life of luxury which he had thought were to be his unceasingly, he went into the woods and, sitting there, he noticed how the 'ceaseless industries of life' went on, ever on. 'Industry and ministry,' he says, 'these were the words of the world, and God had uttered them. I looked up through the trees into the deep blue heaven, and thought of the Being of whom that sky was but an emanation, with its life-giving sun and its wilderness of unseen stars wheeling in infinite cycles of silence, and there came unbidden to my lips those words—a thousand times divine—"My Father worketh hitherto, and I work." I realized that to live outside of work was to live outside of the universal plan, and that there could be no true godliness without work, and that manliness was simply godliness made human.'

"These are strong words, dear friend, but is it not their truth that makes them so? What life is so busy as was that which we take for our pattern and our inspiration, and who is poorer, in a worldly sense, than He who had not where to lay His head? Many despised Him, yet He turned not aside nor paused one moment in His work because of it. Are we better than He that we should look for thornless roses and smooth pathways? Shall we not rather rejoice, daily, that we may work with Him, and be proudly thankful that we are not 'outside of the universal plan?' And of this other work of which we were speaking, the housework which you say seems so like drudgery in its monotony and ever-recurring round. I know we are always doing it, and yet never have it done, but is it not how we look at it and the spirit we bring to it that makes it easy or hard? Can we not do even this work as 'unto the Lord?' I remember so well how, when I was a young girl and used to stand so long at the table washing the dishes that would not stay washed, I would say, over and over to myself, words that I had somewhere learned:

"Work for some good, be it ever so slowly;
Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly;
Labor! all labor is noble and holy."

and wonder, oh, how I did wonder! what there could possibly be 'noble and holy' about dish-washing. Just nothing at all, I thought, but kept at it because it was there for me to do, and it helped the tired little mother; but the time came when I felt differently about it, and knew even it might be a 'means of grace' done in the right

way. It is all necessary—all the dish-washing and cooking, the endless sweeping and dusting, and 'keeping of the house to rights,' and if thereby we can make home beautiful and restful for those we love, if we can make it a haven into whose sacredness and privacy the world may not come, but from which shall flow all pure and good influences like a mighty river, a 'holy of holies' where soul may meet soul in blest communion, and strength be given for life's fierce battle; if, because of the work we do there, and the way in which we do it, our sons and daughters grow up strong and self-reliant, and not afraid of any kind of work, have we toiled in vain or ignobly? There is so much in the way we look at it. We should guard carefully against the habit of looking upon it as drudgery. How can it be drudgery if we love those for whom we work? You have a kind, appreciative husband. His love and ready sympathy should exalt and beautify your office of home-maker, and, though it cannot save you from the weakness and weariness of the flesh, it can make your every duty a joy and pleasure.

"The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask;
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us, daily, nearer God."

What more or better than this could any life give? and, as the Vicar of Wakefield says, 'When we learn to commune with our own hearts, and know what noble company we can make of them, we shall little regard the elegance and splendor of the worthless.' Not that I would tie you, or any one, down to simply housework or to the company of 'your own hearts,' oh, no, I would rather make your life as broad and deep as possible, and take from you no pleasure or relaxation that you may rightfully have, but I would have you be content in whatever station of life you are placed, and so make the most and best of your surroundings. You could not be content in a life of idleness, but would long to feel yourself of some use in the world. Though the common round of daily life should weary and vex you, you must be true to yourself there or not at all. Life is made up of little things, and she who is not true in the little things cannot be true in greater ones. If I do my home-duty well and faithfully, if I do it ever in love and cheerfulness, am I not serving God just as truly, and is not my work just as acceptable to Him as if I went on foreign missions or did a work that would be more widely noised abroad? Is He not better pleased with me than He could be if I neglected this present duty for the far-off one? Think of it well, my friend, and try to conquer all feelings of its being drudgery or ill-paid toil, and be in your home all that a wife and mother, all that a woman should be. Let the roots of your life take such firm hold upon the rock

that you be not easily disturbed or disheartened,
but go on

" ' Like a cheerful traveler
Singing along the hedge !' "

Our talk ended here, but, later, when she had again returned to her work, Mrs. Bell wrote me, in reference to it, " Your words have done me good. I feel more fully the importance and nobility of the little things of life, and of doing all I can to make my home ones, and all around me, happy and comfortable, and am so glad to work for them ! "

So one more glad note was added to my life-song which sings out richer and fuller day by day.

EARNEST.

THE SWEET CONFESSION.

MABEL, fair young Mabel,
With the sunny face,
Flits, amid the household,
With a maiden's grace ;
Knows the morn is pleasant,
Knows the noon is bright,
Knows, when twilight fadeth,
Stars will glow at night.

Mabel sings of summer,
With its flowers of gold ;
Winter cannot chill her,
With its frost and cold ;
Care and grief she knows not ;
Lives, as lilies grow,
Toiling not, nor spinning ;
More, she need not know.

Yet, Love's day is dawning,
Lo, the east is red !
Orange groves are waving
Flowers for her young head ;
When her lover cometh,
At her feet, to lay
All his dear heart-treasures,
What will Mabel say ?

Just what other maidens,
Since the world was new,
Always have made answer,
To their lovers true ;
" Though the sunlight cheer us,
Though the cold winds blow,
Still, where'er thou goest,
I will gladly go ! "

Mabel, brave young Mabel,
Face to face with care,
May find coming burdens,
Oh, so hard to bear !
But, if close beside her,
Love walk, *all the way*,
She will call life's journey,
Just one long, sweet day.

LOUISE S. UPHAM.

LESTER'S WIFE.

CHAPTER III.

THREE months had passed away, and Lester Bond sat by an open window, with clouded brow and remorseful heart, recalling scenes in which faithful memory pictured him in his awakened consciousness as harsh, cruel and unsympathizing. He was wondering if it was not possible that, in her great love for him, his mother might have overstepped the bounds of justice, and forgotten that there were other rights beside his own.

In a darkened chamber, so near to death that it seemed as if one breath from the shadowy angel would waft her away to the mystic shore, Lelia was lying. Only two days before, a tiny form had been laid upon her bosom ; but the youthful mother had scarcely gathered it to her hungry, loving heart ere it faded and was gone, and with it the life of the frail creature seemed to ebb, until she lay in a death-like stupor, apparently waiting release from her pain forever.

Lester wondered how much of the unyielding discipline to which she had been subjected might have to do with her present condition. His mother's theory might be well enough in dealing with such natures as Cynthia and Louisa, but Lelia was so different. He accused himself of wicked stupidity in not having thought of it before.

Never, since that night when he had so heartlessly refused her request, had she shown the slightest resistance to any of their requirements, but no matter how tyrannical or unjust they might be, no impulsive outburst of temper warned them that they had trespassed too far ; she obeyed them all with the unresisting submission of despair.

Mrs. Bond and her daughters congratulated themselves upon having her so completely subdued ; and when the sight of her pale, unsmiling face had annoyed Lester, he had reflected that perhaps it was the way of women, and that she would regain her spirits when her health should improve. But now all illogical conclusions had vanished, and with awakened perceptions he saw that if the death angel only beckoned she would obey with the same unresisting submission.

The memory of that night, the piteous tone of her voice when she said, " *I do so want to see mother and the children ! I shall die if I cannot go,* " and the crushed, despairing expression with which she had raised her eyes to his face when he had unsympathizingly refused her request, flashed across his mind like a cruel prophecy ; and, stung with all the bitterness of self-accusation and remorse, he returned to the darkened chamber, and, taking a seat by her side, clasped the thin, white hand in a convulsive grasp, as if he would draw her away from the shadow of the messenger's wings.

" Lester," said his mother, " there is no need of

wearing yourself out uselessly; everything that human skill can do has been done, and you had better try to rest until there is some change to denote that there is more to be done."

"Mother, I *cannot, dare not* rest until I am relieved from this dreadful suspense," he said, while the tears rolled down his cheeks, and fell upon the wasted hand which he held in his own.

For hours he sat there, hoping and despairing alternately, praying that she might be spared to know how deeply penitent he was for all the unhelpfulness that he had caused her.

It may be that the strong, earnest will held back the gentle spirit, or that some invisible nervous force or portion of his own vitality was transmitted through the lagging pulses, for at length she slowly unclosed her eyes, and a gleam of recognition came to their languid depths.

"Do not try to speak, darling," he said, gently, fearful that the least exertion might be too much for her weakened state. "Be very quiet, and I will not leave you until you are better."

A grateful look passed over the pale face as her eyes closed languidly, and in a few moments the regular breathing denoted that she was quietly sleeping. Still, all efforts to induce him to leave her side were unavailing; he knew that the least excitement, such as she might experience should she open her eyes and miss his clasp upon her hand and his presence from her side, might cause her to relapse into that unconscious state again, and he dared not risk it.

When next she awoke, although she was too weak to raise her hand or turn her head upon the pillow, there was a brighter look in her eyes, and a gleam of hope came to her husband's heart, as a faint smile hovered about her lips in answer to his words of soothing and endearment.

There were long days of dread suspense, and nights of anxious watching, during which she seemed to linger between earth and Heaven; but at length the crisis was passed, and the physician gave them hopes of her recovery.

"You must get strong and well for my sake, dearest, for I miss you everywhere," Lester said.

And she had answered: "For your sake I will; but at first I was willing to go."

She seemed to live only in the light of her husband's presence; her eyes followed him about the room, and rested lovingly upon his features, drinking in life and strength from his renewed tenderness and appreciation; but her recovery was slow.

One morning, after the greatest danger was past, Mrs. Bond reminded Lester that his business required his attention, and it was folly to neglect it any longer, since there was nothing at home which demanded his personal attention, as Lelia would be cared for quite as well without him. So he told Lelia of his intentions, and she promised to

be very quiet and patient during his absence. This she fully intended to do; but she was still very weak.

She soon missed the soothing influence of her husband's presence, and it seemed so lonely when he was away. She tried to pass away the time by counting the hours that must elapse before his return; but in spite of all her efforts at self-control, she grew nervous and restless to such a degree that Mrs. Bond administered an opiate, from the effects of which she soon fell asleep.

When Lester returned, his mother met him at the door with the information that she was in a restful slumber, and that it would be best not to enter the room, lest he might waken her; so he only gazed earnestly upon the pale face for a moment, to assure himself that all was well, and quietly withdrew.

She slept until he had returned to his office. At length she opened her eyes and looked inquiringly around the room, saying: "Has Lester come?"

"Yes, and gone," replied Mrs. Bond.

"Didn't he come in to see me?" she asked.

"You were sleeping," was the brief reply.

Lelia was too weak to be practical; and although to some the disappointment will seem trifling, there are women who will know just how she felt as she turned her face away to hide the tears that rolled silently down her cheeks.

After a few moments, the elder Mrs. Bond bought a powder, saying: "It is time for you to take this."

Lelia made an attempt to wipe away the tears unobserved; but as Mrs. Bond raised her head to give the medicine, the traces were too plainly visible to escape her notice.

"What is the matter now?" she asked.

"I want Lester," answered Lelia, her voice breaking down in a convulsive sob that shook the weakened frame, and brought back the pain that had so long racked her suffering body.

For a moment the womanly nature of the mother predominated, and a feeling of pity for the poor young creature lying so helplessly there prompted her to send for the husband. It was only momentary, however. Lester had indulged her in everything since her illness, and she must not be allowed to suppose that he would be summoned in obedience to every childish fancy; and banishing whatever womanly tenderness she might have been weak enough to feel, she said, firmly: "Lester cannot come. He has devoted a great deal of time to you already, and now that you are better you must be reasonable."

Neither her words nor her manner had the effect of quieting the invalid, and with that first sob Lelia had lost all power of self-control. The delicate frame was convulsed with pain, and pitiful moans were mingled with the sobs, which even

Mrs. Bond, good disciplinarian although she was, failed to silence.

"Lelia," she said, "your unreasonable excitement will bring a relapse. You have already been a great deal of trouble. Lester has remained with you far more than you had any right to expect, not to speak of what the rest of us have done; and now, after having nursed you through so far, you are doing very wrong to undo all our work. Crying and acting like a spoiled child will not induce me to send for Lester one moment sooner; so lie still, and be patient and reasonable, as you ought."

But Lelia was too weak to be logical.

"Oh, I want mother!" she moaned. "She would soothe my pain, and sometime I might repay the trouble. Oh, why did Lester bring me here to be so great a burden? I know that I have taxed you sorely, but I could not help it. I would have gone away ere this transpired if you had permitted me."

"Lelia, you are ungrateful," said Mrs. Bond, sharply. "Everything that your own mother could possibly do has been done, and I want no more of this childishness. You are disobeying the doctor's positive orders to remain perfectly quiet. You must stop this crying immediately."

But Lelia no longer possessed the power of self-control. Her pain was momentarily increasing, and the alarming symptoms of her illness, which had been temporarily checked, were beginning to be manifested again. Mrs. Bond was frightened; but she had refused to summon Lester, and she would not yield.

She realized the necessity of doing something, however, and the physician was the proper person in such a case, and she could send for him without yielding anything to Lelia's importunities.

A messenger was dispatched, and the family physician promptly answered the summons.

"What is the meaning of all this?" he asked, as he noticed the nervous excitement and unfavorable symptoms of the disease. "She had every appearance of doing well this morning—that is, if my directions were faithfully carried out. I have too much confidence in your judgment to suppose that you would allow any unpleasant news to reach her."

"Nothing of the kind," replied Mrs. Bond; "but she has been very unreasonable, and threw herself into a hysterical fit of crying because Lester was not summoned from his office when she chose to have him."

"He has been gone so long; and I wanted mother, and I wanted Lester," said Lelia, with another uncontrollable burst of sobbing, which filled the physician with alarm.

"There, there, don't cry, my child, and you shall have everybody that you want," he said, passing his hand caressingly over the aching head.

"I didn't want to cry; I tried so hard to keep from it; but I waited patiently all the long forenoon, and he did not come in to see me when he came home at dinner-time," she sobbed, pressing her hand over the side through which the pain darted at every spasmodic breath.

Long years of practice had brought the kind old doctor in contact with almost every phase of human nature, and he saw how sore was the need that the young and sensitive creature had of sympathy and kindness. He understood how the hard, unyielding lines of Mrs. Bond's arbitrary will were grating against the tender spirit that only love and kindness could retain within the frail body.

"Never mind, my child, he may have had reasons that you did not understand; but now if you will take a little medicine, and be calm and quiet, I will remain until your nerves are settled, and then I will send Lester hither to give an account of himself."

"She was sleeping, and we did not think it best to disturb her," said Mrs. Bond, shortly.

"There, now, don't you see how it was?" said the doctor, cheerily. "He had no idea that you wanted to see him so badly; and I'll warrant he came to the door and looked in to be sure that you were all right."

CHAPTER IV.

THE physician went promptly to work; but it was nearly an hour before he succeeded in subduing the pain; but he remained until the weary eyes were closed in slumber, not deep and refreshing, but better than the nervous wakefulness of the morning. Then he walked rapidly to Lester's office.

"Mr. Bond," he said, "I have just left your house. Your wife has been much worse during your absence, and I would advise you to telegraph for her mother, and then go home and remain with her until the mother comes."

"Is it possible?" asked Lester, in surprise. "She was sleeping quietly at noon; but mother did say that she had been nervous and restless. But what is the matter now?" he asked, anxiously.

"You who do not understand these matters are apt to be too hasty in deciding that the difficulty is over. She has been very near to death; and when you see her apparently recovering, you take it for granted that all is well, when, in fact, it requires every precaution to prevent a recurrence of the symptoms. Your absence may seem but a trifling matter to others, but the disappointment of not seeing you at the time that she expected, and the thought that you had cared so little that you had returned without speaking to her, was too much to bear in her weakened state, and it threw

her into a nervous excitement which I had considerable difficulty in quieting."

Lester hurriedly wrote and dispatched a message to Lelia's mother, and then hurried homeward with an anxious heart.

"Why was I not summoned at the first unfavorable symptoms?" he asked, gazing apprehensively upon the pale face, now quietly resting against the pillows.

"Hush!" whispered the mother, "do not waken her. I did not think your presence necessary."

He took a seat by her side, so that his face should be the first object upon which her eyes would rest when they should unclosed, and watched anxiously the restless slumber, broken by fitful starts and occasional moans, uncertain whether it was really sleep or an indication of a return of that stupor which had so alarmed him before.

At length her eyes unclosed, and, looking upon him dreamily, she said: "Why you are here, surely!" and she reached her hand toward him as if to assure herself that it was no vision.

"I am with you, dear, and I will remain as long as you wish," he answered, taking one of the thin hands in his strong, magnetic clasp.

"I have telegraphed for Lelia's mother," he said, an hour or two afterward, as he sat down at the table with Mrs. Bond and Cynthia, while Louisa remained with Lelia.

"You have?" said Mrs. Bond, in a tone of surprise.

"Indeed! I was not aware that you contemplated such a step," said Cynthia.

"I had not contemplated it, nor even thought of it, until this afternoon—the more shame to me," said Lester.

"I cannot see the necessity of such a proceeding. Everything that human hands can do has already been done," said Mrs. Bond.

"Dr. Allen advised it; and I am sure it will do her a great deal of good," replied Lester.

"I am not so much surprised that Dr. Allen should advise strangers to be invited to our house without consulting us, for I know his meddling disposition; but that you should have done so, without so much as asking us if it would be convenient for us to receive her, is entirely unexpected," said Cynthia, petulantly.

"Well, it cannot be helped now, and we must get along with the extra trouble as best we may. Lelia's illness has been very wearying," said Mrs. Bond.

For the first time in his life, Lester realized that he was not in his own house, and had no right to take the liberties and privileges of ownership.

"I did not think of it in that light," he said, while his face flushed painfully; "but if you can have patience with us this time, I promise that we will never trespass upon your hospitality again."

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If you had only mentioned it a few weeks ago, I might have saved you all this trouble; but I have always lived here, and I never realized my true position before."

"Lester?" said Mrs. Bond, reprovingly.

"Is this the reward of all that we have done for you during the last year, of the interest that we have taken in teaching your wife what she could not be expected to learn alone, and endeavoring to make everything that we did tributary to your happiness?" asked Cynthia. "You have no right to regard us in the light that your words imply, when you know that your welfare has always been our greatest concern," she continued.

"I may seem ungrateful. Having always been accustomed to your kindness, perhaps I have not been sufficiently demonstrative in my appreciation; but I really feel the obligation of the present time all that you can desire; and as soon as my mind is free from this dreadful apprehension, I can act more rationally; but if she should not recover, I could never forgive myself if I had not allowed her mother the consolation of seeing her in her last illness," he said, in a voice tremulous with emotion; and rising abruptly, he returned to Lelia's bedside.

Louisa left them alone. And taking both the small white hands in his own, he said: "Darling, if I were to tell you some good news, could you listen quietly, without becoming nervous or excited?"

"Why, yes," she said, wonderingly; "I can always be calm and quiet when you are here with your soothing presence."

"I have sent a dispatch for some one to come and see you. Can you guess who it is?"

"Mother?" she asked, a glad light coming into her eyes, while the pale face flushed with a joyous anticipation.

"Yes," he answered. "I think she will be here by to-morrow night."

"Don't look at me, Lester. I can't keep the tears back; but it's because I'm so weak, and—so glad," she said, trying to turn her face away from his gaze, while he tightened the clasp upon her hand, and said:

"Be very quiet, darling, I do not want the news to excite you; but I thought her coming would do you good."

"Oh, you cannot think how much it has helped me already; I feel as if I should get well at once," she answered, with a happy gleam in her eyes as they rested thankfully upon his face.

"How stupid and provoking Lester is. I am out of all patience with him. He doesn't seem to have the least conception of what we have been doing for him during the last year," said Cynthia, fretfully.

"That is because we have always indulged him so much. Being the only boy in the family, it is

very natural that he should be spoiled," said Louisa.

Perhaps the sisters did not stop to analyze their true motives, or their actions might have been traced to an inclination to gratify an overbearing and domineering disposition, quite as much as regard for Lester's happiness; but, at any rate, they thought they had Lelia at their mercy, and they meant to keep her there.

"There is no knowing how much mischief she may do," said Cynthia. "For some unaccountable reason, I dread her influence over Lester as well as Lelia. Undoubtedly she will suggest a separate establishment for them, and if he continues in this mood he will act upon it."

"Lelia inherits a large share of independence and determination from some source; and if it is from her mother, she will give us trouble. But there is one consolation, she will not remain long."

"You would not be uncivil to her, surely," said Mrs. Bond.

"No, but I can make her more uncomfortable by excessive politeness than by actual incivility," replied Cynthia. "We have made Lelia a model of wifely obedience and submission, not only as far as Lester is concerned, but ourselves also. Time was, when I scarcely dared exercise an elder sister's privilege of criticizing her conduct, without fear of receiving a reply so cutting and sarcastic that I was exasperated beyond measure, but that is all over with now, and whether Lester appreciates it or not, it shall remain so," continued Cynthia, determinedly.

Meanwhile Lester sat watching the pale face, radiant with happiness in anticipation of her mother's visit, but his own thoughts were wandering to the manner in which his mother and sisters had received the information that she was coming. It was right that she should be summoned, there was no question about that, but, in fact, the house really belonged to his mother, and perhaps he had exceeded his rights in inviting a guest; if so, he had made a mistake in bringing a wife to live with them at all; and as for living where he had no right to invite a guest, he had too much pride and independence.

"Of what are you thinking, Lester?" asked Lelia, after regarding him silently for a few moments.

"How would you like to live in a house of our own, dear, where your mother and the children might make us long, pleasant visits as often as they wished," he asked, passing his hand over the tangled ringlets caressingly.

"O Lester, there would be nothing more for me to ask," she answered, the happy tears filling her eyes again.

"Try to get well then, and as soon as you are able to listen, we will talk it over, and I will buy some neat little dwelling in the suburbs, where we

can have a home of our own. Do you think you could manage a household all alone?"

"I am sure I could; I would try so hard; and there would be only you and I. Don't you think that I could keep house for such a small family?" she asked, earnestly.

"I believe you could; we will make the attempt at any rate; but do not talk any more now, lie still and think which one of these pretty dwellings in the eastern suburbs you would like to have," he said.

And Lelia closed her eyes obediently with the thought that she should soon recover, with such a happy prospect before her.

"Can it be that I am really going to see mother?" she asked, during the afternoon of the following day, with a shade of anxiety in her tones, as if it was too good to be true.

"Yes, dear, the train will be due in a couple of hours, and if you could sleep a little while before she comes, you could meet her with less excitement, I think, it rests you so; and would you miss me too much to allow me to go to the station to meet her?" he asked.

"Why, certainly not; I wouldn't want any one else to go," she answered; "and I will do just as you bid me while you are gone."

The great western bound train, with its freight of hoping, fearing, trusting and doubting human beings drew up at the station, and a slight, womanly figure stepped upon the platform. There was a look of intense anxiety upon the bright, intelligent features, as her gaze wandered among the strange faces around her.

In a moment Lester was at her side.

"Mother?" she glanced quickly up to his face, and extended her hand without speaking, but the eager, questioning eyes speak more than words could have expressed. "Lelia is better," he said, in answer to the words that her lips had feared to utter.

A deep sigh of relief, and a relaxation of the anxious features, and then she said: "And you?"

"I am always well, and very glad to see you," he replied; "but you must prepare yourself for the change in Lelia. The anticipation of your coming has cheered her greatly, but she is very weak, and we must avoid all unnecessary excitement."

Mrs. Lambert thought that she was prepared for the change, but as she stepped across the threshold, and caught a glimpse of the pale, emaciated face, only by the large, lustrous eyes and wavy, golden hair would she have recognized it. She could not trust her voice to speak, but advancing to the bedside in answer to Lelia's glad cry of "mother," she laid her cheek against her daughter's face, while the thin, weak arms encircled her neck in a glad embrace in answer to all the wild, despairing longing for her mother's presence.

"My child, my dear child," she murmured.

"O mother, I had despaired of ever seeing you

again," sobbed Lelia. "The children; have they forgotten me?" she asked, as her mother rose from her embrace, and stood looking tenderly upon the loving face.

"No, dear, they talk of you every day, and I have some little tokens of remembrance which they sent to you."

Mrs. Lambert took from her traveling basket a bracket, whittled out of walnut wood by boyish hands, saying: "Will made this on purpose for you, and Nellie made this needle-cushion; they both sat up late to work last night."

Lelia grasped the gifts and hugged them to her bosom.

"And here is what Harry sent you. It was his only plaything," and she took from her pocket a top, which had been made by whittling a spool in two, and fitting a stem to one part. It was soiled by contact of the little fingers that had played with it, and the uneven notches gave evidence of the unskilled hands that had worked upon it; but Lelia took it in her trembling hand, and pressed it to her lips as if it had been the choicest gem from a diadem.

"Dear, precious little darling!" she murmured. "I can almost see the sweet face, and hear his voice again. Sit down by me, mother, and let me look upon your face till I am satisfied."

Mrs. Lambert took a seat by the bedside, saying: "You must let me do all the talking, dear, lest it should weary you," and with the tender, clinging hand clasped lovingly within her own, she told her all the children's little messages, with anecdotes of home, and so many things that seemed so refreshing to the heart that had long hungered for them.

"Now try and sleep a little while, my child, before you become too weary," she said, as she looked upon the eager face with a fear that the excitement of the meeting might be detrimental.

"I will, mother, if you will stay where I can see your face when first my eyes uncloze, for if I do not, I shall think it all a dream, and I could not bear it," she said, clinging tightly to her mother's hand, as if to assure herself that it was a reality.

ISADORE ROGERS.

(To be continued.)

TWO SIDES OF A STORY.—Two men, being convalescent, were asked how they were. One said, "I am better to-day;" the other said, "I was worse yesterday." When it rains, one man says, "This will make mud;" another, "This will lay the dust." Two children looking through colored glasses, one said, "The world is blue;" the other, "It is bright." Two boys eating their dinner, one said, "I would rather have something or other than this;" the other, "This is better than nothing." A servant thinks a man's house is principally kitchen, a guest that it is principally parlor.

HOW TO DRAW.

"ANY one who can learn to write can learn to draw," says the author of the Spencerian system of penmanship. Many have found, by experience, that he is right, yet how many more go through life deploring their lack of talent in this direction, and so cut themselves off from a great source of pleasure and profit. All cannot be great artists, but all can learn to use a pencil well enough to adorn their homes with effective sketches, and cultivate their taste for art.

As in everything else, learn first to depend upon yourself. Of course, accept all help and instruction gratefully, but remember always that you are the real worker. Then determine to succeed, and next proceed to do so.

There are various ways of making a beginning. Some recommend the use of a transparent slate, though others object to it, as giving the beginner too much help. But if you resolve to use it only as means to an end, and discard it as soon as you have outgrown it, do so, by all means. Trace the simplest patterns—lines, curves, outlines of leaves, and the like—until you have mastered them thoroughly; then try how well you can draw them on paper alone, without any aid from the slate. Or, you can first copy simple figures—squares, rectangles, cubes, and so forth—without any other guide than your eye. In this case, test your work when finished, with a ruler or measures made of strips of folded paper. No matter which way you begin, having conquered the elements of form, you can soon draw them in more difficult combinations. If you can draw short lines you can also draw long ones; from a few connected curves, you can soon pass to many. These are the real principles of any design or picture, however complicated—the shading, though seemingly everything, is but a secondary matter. Of this last, more anon.

One caution, right here. Hasten slowly. Because you are tracing simple lines this week, do not expect to draw a picture next, nor for several weeks after. Do a little well, rather than a great deal ill. Even yet we hear of artists, who, after long experience, and with good taste in coloring and industrious habits in execution, still fail in the end for want of early care. Their pictures are spoiled because the drawing is bad. No after-work can cover up fundamental failure.

Copy simple pictures from books or papers—those in which the outlines are plain, the shading scanty. Graded drawing-patterns may be bought from any dealer in artist's materials.

By slowly pursuing this plan, you may at length be surprised to find how well you really can draw. Finally, you may, line by line, shade by shade, reproduce many pretty pictures from engravings and photographs. These, neatly framed in plain, flat bands made from the natural wood, will form

tasteful ornaments for your own rooms, very much more elegant than any bought chromos.

But I anticipate. Do not depend on copying pictures alone—no true artist ever did that. Gradually accustom yourself to draw from nature, until you are able to do it almost, if not quite, altogether. Begin with the simplest leaves as models. It might be good practice for you to copy, say fifty, of the commonest specimens, until you are perfectly familiar with their outline and completed effect. Next try flowers, natural objects of various kinds and sketches of landscapes from nature. By this time, you find yourself getting into the regions of difficulty—you will find that so far from imitating nature, you can only at best, give the impression that you have done so, and realize the truth of the old saying that, "The highest art is to conceal art." But I can only say, as before, do not be discouraged but persevere. Never mind what critics may say, but work until you can satisfy yourself; for, the more you learn, the more critical of your own work will you yourself grow, more so, in fact, than any one else could ever be.

Drawing the human face and form is a high art of itself. You may learn this by copying from plaster casts, from photographs of famous statues and pictures, and from the living models all around you. If you achieve this, you will find no difficulty in drawing minor objects—to do so will be stepping downward. I can give you no special directions here, except to remind you that the human form is perfectly symmetrical, and may be reduced to an exact scale, so that an inaccuracy here will be fatal to the beauty of your work. There is but one way to avoid anything of the kind—study the living model.

Now for more as to the mechanical part of drawing.

No rules can be given for shading. Shadows are produced by drawing a number of lines, one over the other without any exact order, except that they should appear, if magnified, semi-diagonal, forming, perhaps, irregular lozenges. To shade well can only be learned by practice, the eye being the guide as to lightness or depth. Extremes in light and shadow should be few, one light spot being sufficient to deepen all the dark part of a picture, one dark spot to intensify all the light.

The simplest drawings are those made with lead pencil and white paper. Faber's pencils and Whatman's drawing-papers are the best. Faber's diamond or elliptic rubbers are the most desirable of erasers, as they cleanse without smearing. By the way, never rub out a line if you can avoid it—keeping this rule will make you consider well beforehand, and save you from useless experiments.

More ambitious drawings are done on tinted

paper, which comes in soft, neutral grays, greens, buffs, browns, and the like. In these, the higher lights are put in with a few touches of white crayon. Models for drawings of this kind are sold, and it might be well for you to work from one of these before attempting anything original. Then you may draw something from nature in the same style. Such paper costs fifteen cents a sheet, and each sheet is nearly three-quarters of a yard square.

Tinted drawings are also executed in black and white crayons. Black crayons come in three grades, the hardest being the lightest. They are not expensive, each stick costing about two cents and a half apiece. If you can draw in pencil, there is nothing to prevent your doing so in crayon. Only you must proceed with great care. Crayon-drawing is very dirty work, as the black smears easily, and if you spoil a picture once you can do nothing with it—it is completely destroyed. Those who draw in crayon generally make it a practice to have a basin of water by their sides, with plenty of soap and towels, and wash their hands every few minutes for fear of accident.

Even when all goes well, you must of necessity blacken your fingers. You will find, in putting on the crayon, that it does not blend of itself, as leadpencil does, so you must do this work by lightly rubbing it in with the finger, and with a *stump*, a piece of rolled, coarse paper, somewhat resembling a cigar. Undoubtedly you will make mistakes, but all your difficulties may eventually be removed by practice.

Do not at first attempt any picture entirely in crayons without a model. Patterns in landscapes, flower-pieces and heads are very beautiful. By referring to the picture before you, you may know how nearly right you are in your shading. Faces and groups of figures are especially effective in black and white crayon.

Next you may try tinted crayons. Pencils of all colors are sold, with which you may draw quite pretty flower-pieces, resembling water-color painting, and which may help you as an introduction to it—in fact, this branch of the art is called pastel-painting. It, however, is scarcely so satisfactory as black-and-white drawing on the one hand, or real painting on the other.

A small drawing may be readily executed lying on a table. But a large one cannot be so easily handled; in which case it is the practice to fasten the paper to a piece of thin, smooth board of a convenient size before a line is drawn, to remain until the picture is ready for the frame. Deal-boards, prepared for the purpose, cost thirty cents, and large, brass-headed tacks to secure the corners about two cents apiece. The advantage of these over common tacks is, that they can be pressed at once into the wood with the thumb, and can be used again and again. If you cannot easily pro-

cure the board, take the bottom of an old stand-drawer—only it must be perfectly smooth, for the pencil sinks into every depression in the wood, thus marring the surface of the picture.

A crayon-drawing should be framed as soon as it is finished, or it will not be safe. Its effect is heightened by having between it and the frame a broad mat, of a different shade from the tinted paper on which it is drawn.

In copying a picture, you will often want to enlarge or diminish it. This may be done by ruling all over the model a number of lines to form perfect, equal squares. Rule similar squares, larger or smaller, over the paper upon which you propose to draw. Copy the outlines from one square at a time, so enlarging or contracting on a small scale, until, when you have all your outlines drawn, you will find that the whole is as you wish it. You may now rub out the lines, or cover them with shading. If you have the slightest knowledge of geometry, you cannot go astray.

All this time I have been wishing you to understand that I mean, do not depend upon copying. No matter how well you can do so, keep up the habit of designing for yourself. Begin by combining simple lines, curves, leaves, berries, and so forth, in such a way that they may form borders, patterns for embroidery, and the like. The simplest design of your own is worth more to you than the most elaborate one of some one else. Take a leaf and a curve, and repeat it until it becomes a series of leaves, connected by a waving stem, the whole forming a pretty vine. Conventionalize flowers for yourself. Study the outlines of ornaments all about you—the arabesques in the carpet, the grotesques in the gas-fixtures, the palm-leaves in your shawl, the sketches of plants in Japanese fans. And in this way you may learn more of decoration and designing for yourself than any one could teach you.

If I mistake not, in time you can learn to use your pencil as effectively as you do your needle.

H.

Boys.—There is one element in the home-instruction of boys to which, says a contemporary, too little attention has been given; and that is the cultivation of habits of punctuality, system, order and responsibility. In most households, boys from twelve to seventeen years are too much administered to by loving mothers or other female members of the family. What is wanted is for every boy to have something special to do—to have some duty at a definite hour, and to learn to watch for that hour—to be answerable for a portion of the routine and ways and methods of the household—to be trained to anticipate the time when he may enter the ranks of trade or commerce, and be fortified with habits of energy, accuracy and application, often of more importance than superficial book-learning.

THE TYRANNY OF HAIR.

“WHY don't you change your hair?” they asked me on every hand. “You don't wear it becomingly.”

“What's the trouble?” I inquired, a little impatiently—for, had I not already worried and fussed enough over my great weight of head-covering, with which, so far, I had never been able to accomplish anything satisfactory?

“You don't show the shape of your head enough,” said one. “Wear a low coil.”

“I can't; I tried it. It won't stay up without a great many hairpins, and they burn into my skin; besides, the weight of my hair, pressed down into the nape of my neck, makes my head ache.”

“Oh,” said another, “you show your head too much, and make it look too long from front to back. Comb your hair high, and wear puffs on top.”

“I can't,” I declare. “I couldn't bear the weight all on my brain; besides, combing it high strains the roots along the back of my neck, and they twitch and pain cruelly.”

“You don't want any puffs on top,” volunteers still another of my dear five hundred friends; “they make you look too tall. Any one so slender as you can afford to look a little shorter.”

“You don't wear your hair high enough,” asserts a fourth. “Put in a tall comb. You are the right height, but you don't do it justice; you look as though you were trying to shorten yourself.”

Like Job in the midst of his comforters, I groaned in spirit. Was it true? Did my hair call forth remarks, none the pleasanter for being exactly opposite in character? It was clear that something must be done.

How I brushed, and combed, and braided, and puffed, and crimped, and frizzed, and curled! How I worried, and fretted, and fussed, and planned! Was all the hair in the world, I asked in despair, worth the trouble and vexation of spirit it caused? I began to envy men—before I remembered that they shaved—and half vowed to join the illustrious army of “short-haired women.”

Suddenly I hit it—or thought I did, at least. I drew together the main length of my hair, turned it up the back of my head in a French twist, and fastened it at the top with a jet comb. The remaining end I braided, and brought around the comb and across the front, so as to form a coronet. From the front hair, I had already divided off enough to make two curls, which I drew back to fall below the comb and fill in the open side of the twist; and enough also to crimp in loose waves on each side, and pass over the coronet and meet behind the comb, at the top of the twist and curls. Here I rolled the ends into two finger-puffs. Over

my forehead fell a row of short curls, held in place by an invisible net.

I was delighted, as I surveyed myself in the looking-glass, and turned round to use the hand-mirror. My hair was well-spread, showing what it was. It was unique, and at the same time stylish. The weight was perfectly equalized, for I felt none. It did not require many hairpins, and they did not hurt me. It was compact, so there was no danger of its coming down. It was loose, for the roots did not pull. It was easy, for I could arrange it in a very few minutes. It was comfortable, for I could lie down with it up, and I could keep my hat on with it. It was becoming; my satisfaction with it took away my anxiety about it, even if I were not otherwise improved.

"Now," I thought, "now they'll all like my hair!" And I confidently expected congratulations upon my success.

"Oho!" exclaimed dear friend No. 1, "how nice your hair looks! Only you've put too much on. Such a pile doesn't look natural."

"It's all my own," I reply. But I see I am not believed.

"My dear," cries dear friend No. 2, "your hair is lovely! But I wish you wouldn't wear bangs—you have such a pretty forehead."

"Charming!" says No. 3. "That is, all but the two curls. I think they're old-maidish."

"How becoming bangs are to your style of face!" comments No. 4. "Your forehead's too high to be uncovered. Your hair is perfectly sweet—except for the puffs. They spoil the outline of your head."

"It looks very well indeed!" asserts No. 5. "But I think you're too young to wear a coronet-braid."

"I don't like it," declares No. 6. "It's entirely too elaborate. It makes one think of the precious time wasted."

What a burden rolls upon my mind when my first friend speaks! How infinitesimal it has become by the time I have heard the criticism of the last! The very tyranny of hair has taught me how to be free from that tyranny. For I have discovered that if I tried to please everybody I would in the end find myself shorn like a Nazarene.

Henceforth, like a sensible woman, I will study what best suits my own style, according to my own ideas upon the subject. Then, having found what I want, I will adhere to it, in spite of what my dear friends think—and they will like me just as well if I do insist upon having my own way. Meanwhile, I will laugh, let my hair be plastered back and drawn into tight ropes, or waving loosely and flowing free; severe as a Roundhead's, or luxuriant as a Cavalier's; long or short, brown or gray. For it is my own hair, and nobody's else.

FANNIE.

"MY NEIGHBOR FROM OVER THE WAY."

ALONE in my darkened chamber,
From the household shut away,
On a bed of pain and languor,
I'm wearing the hours away.
The curtains stare so coldly,
With their white folds stiffly grim,
And the papered walls seem covered
With fantastic figures dim.

There's a solitary feeling
Comes o'er me in the gloom,
And I gaze in dreary silence
Around my lonely room.
Anon the murmur of voices
Reaches my dozing ear;
The family voices, gentle,
To me so tenderly dear.

But there comes a step in the entry,
Treading as light as a fay,
And I hear the blithesome voice
Of my neighbor from over the way.
It thrills through my frame, so weary,
And drives all the pain away,
As I list to the heartsome accents
Of my neighbor from over the way.

The flute-like voice is inquiring
For the weary sister, so lone,
Who is drinking, unseen, from the fountain
Of that liquid, inspiring tone.
Why, I feel as if recreated
When the little maid bids "Good-day,"
And a blessing follows the footsteps
Of my neighbor from over the way.

My room has lost its grimness,
Flowers spring from the papered wall,
And the snowy curtains are angel's wings
Instead of a shroud-like pall.
Oh! the cheer of a heartsome greeting,
How it lifts us into the day!
God bless all the kindly voices,
And my "neighbor from over the way."

CARO.

FRATERNITY.—The parent's duty is not finished when he feeds, clothes and educates his children, nor even when he has secured their filial attachment, and made each one independent and self-respecting, unless he also succeeds in infusing into them the sense of trust and dependence, in cultivating in them the habit of confidence in each other, and in maintaining in the home that affectionate brotherly and sisterly intercourse which, while diffusing the truest happiness through the household, also lays the surest foundation for the social duties and responsibilities that await them in the future.

Religious Reading.

THE USE OF PRAYER.

WHAT is the use of prayer? What special good is to be accomplished by it? Will the loving and all-merciful One feel anywise differently toward His children on account of their prayers addressed to Him? Will He do for them differently? Can the feeble petitions of frail, ignorant and sinful mortals like ourselves change the disposition or conduct of the all-wise and loving Father?

Certainly not. No prayer that we can offer can alter the heavenly Father's purpose, or make Him more desirous than He always is to bless His children. It cannot add anything to His wisdom or love. It cannot increase His knowledge of our wants. It cannot make Him more tender, compassionate or forgiving, nor change in the least His disposition toward us. Of what use, then, is prayer, or what is accomplished by it?

This: It changes *our* disposition and feelings, and so makes it *seem* as if a change had been actually wrought in God Himself. It opens the avenues of the soul through which His mercy and forgiveness inflow, and so causes Him to appear—yes, in *relation to ourselves*, makes Him more merciful and forgiving. It works no absolute change in God, but a change in us. It opens the interiors of our minds to a freer influx of His love and wisdom, and so causes it to *appear* as if He felt differently toward us from what He otherwise would have felt. When the earth's atmosphere is laden with smoke, the sun appears dim or fiery red; but when the smoke is dissipated and the atmosphere purified, he appears in all his native brightness. A change *appears* to have taken place in the sun; but this appearance is caused by the change in our own atmosphere. In respect to the earth, it is as if the sun itself had changed. And so all the apparent changes in the Divine Being are caused by the real changes in our own minds and hearts.

All of God's gifts are bestowed upon certain conditions; and it is impossible to receive them without complying with the conditions. You desire an increase of bodily strength; well, exercise your limbs regularly and within the bounds of moderation, and an increase of strength will be given you. Or you desire certain kinds of fruit in your orchard, or flowers in your garden; well, God is ready to give them to you, but only upon the condition that you plant there the proper trees and shrubs, and bestow on them the needed culture. Or you desire a field of corn; but will it be given you unless you prepare the soil, and plant the corn at the proper time, and weed and tend it according to the requirements of its nature? And if you desire that the corn be converted into bread, you know that the Lord will not do this without your intelligent co-operation; you must do your part of the work; you must gather, and thresh, and grind the corn, and make the meal into bread.

Precisely so is it in regard to God's higher and nobler gifts. The graces of Heaven are never bestowed except upon certain conditions. And one of these conditions is, that we recognize them as

belonging to and coming exclusively from the Lord, and humbly and earnestly ask for them. They can be given only to those who sincerely desire them; for no others are able to receive them. Therefore the Lord says: "Ask, and it shall be given you."

Sincere and earnest prayer, then, for patience, forbearance, self-denial, courage, resignation, trust—all the heavenly graces which the Lord is ever ready to bestow, and which are the only things proper for immortal beings to pray for—is always sure to prevail. Such prayer offered every day, as we take our daily food—every hour, in the secret closet of the heart—such prayer, when it has become the habit of the soul, and is not the mere babble of the lips, is as sure to be answered as bodily health and vigor are sure to follow obedience to the laws of health.

And the reason is plain; for it is in the nature of true prayer to operate upon the interiors of the suppliant. It is in its nature to open those inner avenues of the soul through which flow the light and warmth of the upper spheres. The Lord is ever ready to give; all we need to do is to put ourselves in an attitude to receive. We must, therefore, *desire* the heavenly life—must long for it, strive for it, pray for it.

Pray earnestly, then, for power to overcome your evil inclinations, and new strength will be given you day by day. When your path seems dark and dreary, pray that the Lord will shine upon it, and the light of His countenance will guide you. When a wilderness of difficulty is before you, and you know not which way to turn, look to the Lord Jesus Christ in humble, earnest prayer, and He will be to you a cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night. When you go to your daily duties, pray that His Spirit may go with you and shield you from the tempter's snare, and keep you diligent, and kind, and just, and the coveted blessing will not be withheld. If in your family, your business or your social relations you have peculiar trials, pray that God will give you grace to bear them with meekness and patience, and your prayer will assuredly be answered. Pray for a blessing on your enemy, if you have one; and the very petition, if sincere and earnest, will soften your heart toward that enemy, and so bring down a blessing on yourself. Pray for the prosperity of a righteous cause, and your prayer will be answered in this if in no other way: It will open your soul to a fresh influx of God's grace, and bind you more strongly to that cause. Pray for the poor, the sick, the tempted, the sorrowing, and you will grow more into sympathy with them, and your heart will be imbued with a sweeter, broader and nobler humanity. Pray for the down-trodden and enslaved, and your prayers, oft-repeated, will open within you the gates of Heaven, through which the Lord will pour His grace upon you more abundantly, making you more tender and pitying like Himself—making you feel more sensibly the wrongs of others to be your own, and nerving you with fresh courage and resolution to do your part toward breaking their bands asunder.

Thus it is that sincere prayer for whatever is

just, and pure, and righteous—prayer that the Lord's kingdom of truth and love may be established and built up, is always answered. For such prayer tends, by an unfailing law, to bind the affections of the petitioner more closely to the things of His kingdom. It is among the divinely

appointed means of drawing the soul into closer fellowship with the Lord, and renewing us after His own likeness. And this is the end of all prayer—as indeed it is of all doctrine, of all faith, of all instruction, of all obedience.

Mother's Department.

"TAKE HEED THAT YE OFFEND NOT ONE OF THESE LITTLE ONES."

I AM so fortunate, dear reader, as to be called "Auntie" by a whole troop of laughing children, and a more rollicking, merrier set of lads and lassies never blessed an old maid's heart. These irrepressible urchins beset me behind and before; pleading, coaxing, teasing, and even threatening me for "stories." You should see them during the hour before tea, which is sacredly their own, when they come crowding in from the neighborhood—climbing upon every rung of my chair, tilting upon rockers, perched on my lap, astride of my feet; and last night the audacious youngsters plumped the baby on my head. Diving into pockets for sweets, toying with the buttons of my dress, taking down and braiding my long hair, twisting collar and tie, these blessed children smother me with kisses, amid a deafening chorus of voices, "Do now, Aunt Lue, oh, do!" Besieged in my fortress, I have nothing to do but to yield; then peace is proclaimed, and quiet restored.

To me, this is the most fruitful hour of day—not merely play-time, but one to grow by—for the children, with melody in their voices and laughing dimples in their faces, are mighty teachers despite their sweet follies and wayward ways. He that loveth not a child, is not worthy of being loved. And he that suffers a little child to lead him, is very near the kingdom of God.

After last evening's tale was told, and bon-bons given, the happy urchins left me, sitting in my study-chair, thinking not only of them, but for others of our neighborhood, and dreaming of some that have gone to make Heaven's arches ring. My heart had been strangely stirred by an incident in one of our neighbor's houses, touching an interesting lad of ten years old, and if you will listen I will tell it you by and by.

How well the Lord must have understood children when He said, "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven!" What a study they are to the child-lover, and of what overwhelming importance, compared to the study of shrubs and flowers, birds and fishes! One weird writer has compared them to the subjects of scientific study, as the cryptogamia of another world; the infusoria of the skies!

What dignity invests childhood when we view the little ones as the future fathers and mothers of the race; when we remember that neighborhoods, states, kingdoms and worlds are made and controlled by them; that they with us, are subjects of the hierarchies and thrones of Heaven!

Flowers and blossoms indeed they are, but indestructible, self-perpetuating; with a multitude

of good angels and evil spirits beneath their leaves, toiling and wrestling for dominion over them. Blossoms indeed! but whose roots are cast 'neath the inexhaustible reservoirs of eternity.

Ah! could we measure these facts aright, how it would restrain the impatient word and blow; the indifferent heartlessness which so often pervades the atmosphere of the child-life, in its realm of joys and sorrows, hopes and fears, aspirations and discouragements. Could we know the results of our patient digging and pruning, and affectionate training, or all that the rude turning off, or even letting alone involves, our faces would grow rapt with joy at our privilege, or pale with consternation at our failure and responsibility. The subjects of this interesting study are ever with us. No books are needed. No costly drawings, illustrations or lectures to make the science invested in childhood plain. Our specimens are coming and going at will, requiring a delicacy of manipulation, unequaled in the realm of physical science, the child at your knee may become a well-spring of ineffable delights or a fountain of bitterness for ages.

My thoughts had wandered into this channel, because of the boy whose story I had promised you. How well do I remember the love—nay, almost worship, lavished upon him during his infancy; but when he was old enough to wear roundabouts, and a little sister came to take his place in arms, and crib, and high-chair, he was pushed from the parental breast to make room for fresh infantile charms, and the stern rule of government began.

"Boys are so rude and awkward," said the foolish mother, as she fondled the dainty, fair-haired little sister, in her delicate, cambric dress; "and then, one never knows how to dress a boy after they come out of petticoats."

"Boys are sure to get the upper hand if you give them a chance," said the father. "They seem born with an imp of mischief in them. The only way is to keep them down, for if you 'give them an inch they'll take an ell,' and kept down he was most effectually."

How is it possible for a man so soon to forget his own boyhood; and how easy it would seem for each man to mend on the training of his own parents! to learn wisdom by the memory of his own experiences—his own childish wrongs! And yet, how few men are fit to be trusted with the holy rights and claims of fatherhood! God pity the children; as no doubt He does, many times causing innocent blood to become an avenging sword.

This keen, bright boy had the restless activity so common to boyhood; the sharp wit of his

father, tempered with an exceedingly loving disposition, combined with certain manly traits, which with judicious management, would develop into a noble character. But his parents believe in *whipping* boys, and the child lived in mortal terror of the rod for every offense. He was whipped if late to school or tardy to his dinner; whipped if he over-slept in the morning, or tore his jacket; whipped for every little accident that befalls active, wide-awake boyhood; laughed at for mistakes; never dressed with taste and care, as boys so love to be, although his father has plenty of money, and spends it easily; and what is far worse for the child's soul, was often disbelieved and misunderstood. A gentleman driving through his father's carriage way, accidentally ran against the boy and broke his arm. His father not knowing it, called loudly to him to close the gate. The lad did not rise from the ground, and the father called roughly again. This time the boy cried out: "Can't you let a feller alone when he's hurt, father?"

But thinking him obstinate, his father went to him and, pulling him rudely to his feet, shook him violently. The poor lad, of course, fainted. Then was seen one of those curious revulsions and contradictions of human character not uncommon with parents. The helpless boy was lifted to the father's breast and gently carried in doors, while tears and lamentations attested the sincerity of his love. Said the boy within my hearing, a few days after: "Papa cried *real* tears for me when the doctor set my arm, and when I was coming out of the faint I heard him say, 'My God! I have killed my boy.' I would break my arm and my legs, too, to have father and mother kiss me and love me so!"

Old habits are strong, and with renewed vigor the old system was re-established. His eager inquiries were checked as too much trouble to answer; he was not allowed to visit or travel with his father, because of his "scrapes;" never *trusted* anywhere, but hampered and cut off in every direction, till the boy was fairly being driven into badness.

One day, not long since, he had a quarrel with a schoolmate, who being an older and bigger boy, taunted him to fight. The big boy's whim led them to a tomato bed, with the proposal that they should pelt each other with ripe tomatoes. Freddie did not want to fight, and he knew that the tomatoes had been reserved for especial use by his mother, and he dreaded punishment; but to be called a "coward" he could not bear, and his mother, "a stingy old thing," was enough to fire him. The boy had his mother's honor at stake, and must fight to disprove the aspersion! Ah! why could not the parent heart understand the heroic little nobleman? For what innate nobility characterized the motive of that child! The result was a terrible whipping by his mother, (oh, what a mistake!) from which the poor lad emerged, sore, mutilated, crushed. The wound was in his heart, however.

"I don't mind the whipping, Katy," said he, to the kind-hearted servant-girl, who crept to his room where he was imprisoned. "I don't mind the whipping, if mother would only love me and understand me; but she never will."

Ah! what a keynote to the struggle of that childish soul; feeling its way along a chasm thick

with darkness and peopled with evil spirits. Know ye not, O father, O mother, that this was an hour for supreme love, pity, patience and tender insight, if ye would rescue your boy?

The next day the parents and little sister were off on a delightful excursion, which would have given Freddie such genuine joy; but instead of this, he was left shut up at home and in disgrace. All night long the generous-hearted boy had smarted under the sense of injustice, and was planning how to cut the cords which bound him so helplessly. In this mood, a father's prayer or whispered word of tenderness—a mother's loving embrace would have melted the child's heart, and they could have done with him whatever they desired; but with their retreating voices came thoughts of anger, and resolves of escape—where? *anywhere*, where the whip could not reach him, and where he need not be scolded from morning till night. *Outside* of home, there were welcomes, and kind voices, and happy scenes, but *inside* none. Ah! woe to our boys, when they first come to this knowledge, yea, and the parents also.

These loved their boy, and thought they were only breaking him in, a most needful process in the judgment of some. They had only forgotten their own childish woes and needs. Yes, they loved their boy, as was proven at night, when on their return he was gone, and none could tell them where. Cries, tears, groans and prayers issued from that house as night lengthened into day and day into night before one trace was found. It was then discovered that he had presented a check, from his father's bank-book, at the bank in our town, which was readily cashed by the cashier, believing the boy to have been sent by his father, as he had been before, and then, that he had taken a train leading to the great city beyond.

"Lost, lost, lost!" screamed the distracted mother, "and I drove him to it," while the father wrung his hands, moaning, "My boy, my boy!"

But no time must be lost in the search. Friends of the distressed father accompanied him to the city, and the police put on the track; word being telegraphed to the mother, from time to time, "not found." At length, after a weary, fruitless search, the father entered the depot, sick and exhausted, to return home. He was met by a policeman with, "Come this way, there's a boy in yonder who has just been run over by the down train; possibly it's yours, sir."

A few tottering steps forward, and the man knelt by his dying boy. The crowd gave way at his agonized cry, and the child's glassy eyes lost their fixed stare for a moment, as he whispered: "Father, kiss me," then a shudder, and, "Lord Jesus, lift me."

Then all was still. No more harshness nor misunderstandings for him; the lad has found better quarters, even home and love, on the great Father's breast.

There is no need of comment. That father's locks were bleached from black to white in a single night, and his form is bent under a sorrow that can never be cured. The awful lesson may not be too late for others, however, who are deaf to the heart life of their children, or are harsh and ill-judged in their rule.

The Lord never gave a parent the right to be a tyrant, when he said, "Take this child and train it for me." In every man's rule of his children,

he should be governed by the golden maxim of "Do unto others as ye would that they should do to you," as much as in his outside deal. If he would have cheerful obedience, he must show that he loves and *trusts* his child. Above all things,

never be unjust, if you would not have your child prove an avenger.

"For the child's sob, oh, my brothers!

Curses deeper than the strong man in his wrath."

MRS. HELEN D. S. THOMPSON.

Boys' and Girls' Treasury.

A LIFE LESSON.

"GOOD-BYE, Tracy," called a girlish voice, somewhat muffled by the many wraps it came through.

"Take care of yourself," laughed his father, "and don't run away with the house."

"My compliments to those sleepy old Romans," cried Walter. "I'm glad I'm not in your place."

Then the bells changed the fitful jangle, into which the tossing of the impatient horses had thrown them, for a regular, cymbaline chime, twinkling away, in a gay diminuendo, down the road, and they were off.

Tracy went in, quite proud of the devotion to study which had led him to remain at home from the "social" to which the rest were going. He had yet to learn that we are seldom overcome, except by our own, peculiar temptation. He had not really *cared* much about the party. There would be a glorious time for study. How cozy the sitting-room looked! The fire glowed brightly, Hero drowsed on the rug with the gray kitten stretched across his broad shoulders; the canary swung, sleepily, in his cage, and the shaded lamp lit up, invitingly, the green and gold of his "Harkness Arnold" and the gray of Andrews's Lexicon.

Drawing up an arm-chair he plunged bravely into his work. It went well. He heard the ring of battle in Virgil's resounding lines, stirring his blood like the clang of trumpet and roll of drum, and the excitement bore him over tough verbs and knotty constructions that at other times might have puzzled him. Heeding nothing that passed around him, he was quite unconscious that the shutters were still open and the curtains undrawn, or that a leering, ugly face peered in at him. Hero growled and raised his head, rousing the gray kitten to a short-lived purr, but the face dropped down, the stealthy footstep slipped away, so he resumed his nap.

The mantel clock tripped, with its merry, brass feet, along the minutes, till again a footstep approached, quick and sharp this time, with many more crunching behind it. Hero bounced up so fiercely and with such an explosive bark that the gray kitten, quite discouraged, curled herself up alone on the very farthest corner of the rug. Tracy answered the bell, feeling that a struggle was at hand, for he recognized the ring. His "inseparable" stood at the door, and behind him were scattered, down the walk and along the road, no less than twenty, black, moving figures.

"We're going out to Benson's pond," began Bruce, quite out of breath with running. "It's glorious skating there, so get your traps and come along."

"I'm just sorry, Bru, but I've got to study tonight; besides there's nobody but me to stay with

the house, even Tom is away, and if he were here he's such a sleepy-head one can't depend on him."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Bruce, "what man of family airs we do put on! How long since we set up housekeeping? But I won't tease you any more," he added, seeing Tracy's face cloud, "only I'm dreadfully sorry you can't go. 'Twon't be half fun without you."

And he scuttled down the walk where his companions met his tidings with various dissatisfied exclamations, for Tracy was a general favorite. He, for his part, went regretfully back to his books. The noise had disturbed little Jessie so that she moaned in her sleep. Tracy went into the bedroom, laid the sheet gently over the round arms that had tossed it off, for he was a tender brother then, with an uneasy, regretful feeling, at which he wondered, stooped and kissed the soft cheek. The same indefinable anxiety sent him into George's room, adjoining, to find him in the sound slumber of boyhood. Then he went back to his work, but the charm was gone. The "Latin prose" was hard, and his mind *would* wander to Benson's and the merry party gathered there. Presently he heard Tom come in and sit down in the kitchen below.

"If he had only come a little earlier," thought Tracy, "I might have gone; it would have been safe enough; nothing could possibly have happened and, for all my lessons, I might as well be there as here. I'm so tired I can't study."

You see the tempter was preparing him. He is so wary that he seldom presents a temptation until the mind is fully ready to receive it.

A step on the walk again, a run and a hasty bounce up the steps, but 'no ring, for the door opened as if of itself, reminding Tracy that he had neglected to fasten it.

"Have you come back to stay with me, Bru?" he asked, eagerly.

"Why, no, old fellow, I'm not quite so good as that; but we've changed our minds. The skating right round here, on Brown's lake, is so good we concluded to stop there. Now there isn't the least reason why you can't come for just *one* round and then you'll be back at your books all the fresher. I know Tom has come, and he can take care of the house just that little time."

"Well," answered Tracy, "maybe I *will* go, just for one turn. That *can't* do any hurt. I'm miserably stupid, and perhaps it will wake me up."

"Sure to," responded Bruce, with delight, "never mind speaking to Tom, you won't be gone fifteen minutes."

As Tracy left the sitting-room he paused, from another uneasy impulse, and looked about him. It was so cozy, so inviting; and a queer, small voice from somewhere seemed to keep whispering "Don't go." He almost yielded to it.

"Hurry up," called Bruce, "or I shall freeze to death waiting," and with another half-regretful glance, Tracy closed the door. If he had only known it was the last time!

The key was turned in the lock and the boys, accompanied by Hero, sped away. The lakelet was but just around the turn of the road, and lay smooth and glittering in the sharp, cold moonlight, inviting the skater's heel. As one might easily have foreseen home and duty were soon forgotten, or, rather, put aside in the interest of the graceful, gliding sport.

As the boys left the yard, something had come out from a clump of shadows by the road-side and crept toward the house. It had nearly reached the gate as they rounded the corner, then it quickened its pace and passed up the walk. It tried the door carefully, then went to the window, still unshuttered, and again peered in as it had done once before, that evening, when the room was not, as now, empty and unguarded.

"Remie's cold," it muttered, in a hoarse, shivering voice, "Remie's so cold, and it's warm in there, just as warm as can be."

Then it tried the window, still haplessly unfastened; it opened and the figure crept in and cowered over the bright fire in strange, uncanny contrast to all around it. Poor Remie Cothorn had never been in such a nice place before. He wandered about in such an unkempt state that people felt even their kitchens were too good for him, and when his hard-working mother was too weary after her day's toil to hunt him up, he was quite as apt to seek shelter in a shed or straw-stack as in the cheerless cabin she called home, for he was the great trial of her life, and it is to be feared she bore it not over patiently. Now he stared about the pretty room, into which some impulse awakened by the biting cold had led him, in uncouth bewilderment. Soon he began to examine its various belongings with, let us hope, a glimmer of pleasure in his muddled brain. Finally, perceiving the open door of the bedroom he went in, delighted to find a farther field for exploration. He reached the bed and bent over Jessie, sleeping sweetly, unconscious of the repulsive presence. Her cheek wore the soft flush of slumber, her hair lay in soft rings about her white, rounded forehead, the brown lashes drooped softly, the red lips curved smilingly, she made a lovely picture even for angels to look upon. But, alas! it was no angel that now bent above her. Half-crazed and idiotic, Remie Cothorn was harmless, except to children. The sight of their innocent faces seemed to rouse an evil spirit within him, and set him off in such a fury that all the small people of the neighborhood had learned to avoid him as they would some dangerous beast. He had never been alone with one before. As he gazed, his eyes glowed and his mouth worked fiercely. Then he stooped over the sleeper and tore the ruffled night-dress from the round, white throat, and gave the wild, savage laugh of the enraged maniac. So rude was the touch, so fearful the sound that the child awoke instantly and sprang up with a scream. The sudden movement startled the lunatic, he turned slightly and, in so doing, caught sight of his own reflection in a mirror opposite. Wild with terror, he darted toward the figure which, of course, seemed rush-

ing upon him. With a fierce blow he struck the glass into fragments, then, in fresh alarm at the crash, fled into the sitting-room and sought refuge under the large, round table. Footsteps were heard—instinctively he drew the drooping corners of the heavy spread down before him, so far and with such force that the lamp was overthrown, breaking as it fell, and in a moment the blaze was leaping around him. Frantic with fear and pain, he dashed through the window and fled away, a flaming spectre, shrieking across a waste of snow.

"What's the matter, Tray?" asked Bruce, coming up with his friend, who had just made a sudden pause in their race, "anything broke?"

"No, Hero stopped me. He nearly pulled me down. You remember he would go back home as soon as we got here, but here he is now acting like a crazy dog. I can't think what ails him!"

"Sure enough!" exclaimed Bruce, staring at Hero, who now sprang ahead a few steps, now ran back and tried to pull Tracy along, with fierce growls. "Let's follow him and see what he'll do!"

The dog, seeming overjoyed at finding himself, at last, understood, made swiftly for the road. Curious and excited, the boys followed him. All too soon, as they passed the turn, the terrible reason of his conduct burst upon them. No matter how old Tracy lives to be, he will never forget the horror of that moment. Every drop of blood seemed crashing into his heart with mountain weight as he beheld the windows of his home, glaring out like great, demoniac eyes of flame upon the night. His feet, though winged by fear, seemed to him dragging like lead as he rushed toward it. Jessie and George lay asleep with those savage flames ravaging around them. If he could only get them out! The blaze was streaming up the front, but there was a door on the side. As he reached it, Tom staggered out.

"I've got George," he said, "but it's no use to try for Jessie. The room's all afire."

"I must go, I will!" screamed Tracy, but they held him back.

One long, fearful moment, then came a crash, and in the unshuttered window from which it seemed that fire was already pouring, stood Hero, with something clinging to his neck. Only a second, then he was down with his precious burden. For it was Jessie. The dog had reached the house first; had gone in with Tom who was coming from the barn, and hearing her cries, had rushed in to his favorite playfellow. No one can explain why he was not rendered frantic by the fire, as dumb creatures usually are, but his actions showed that he was not. He dragged her from the bed where she was crouching in terror—the fire was behind, the window before—he had sense enough to take it, and Jessie was saved, though how much injured remained to be seen.

"Take the children over to my house," said Bruce; "my mother's just the one to look after them, and I'll raise the neighborhood."

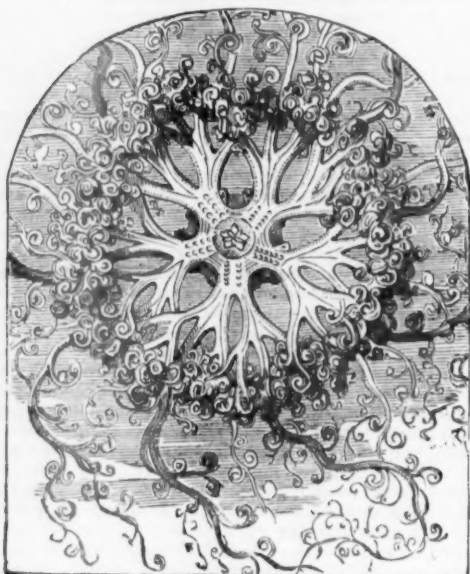
He kept his promise, but in the country in winter, if a fire gets under headway, there is little to be done but stand by and see it burn. The party that had driven away so merrily, returned to find a heap of smoking ruins where home had been.

Poor little Jessie's arm was broken, and the once fair cheek will never be fair again, for the

cruel gash that crosses it. All that night, outside her door crouched heart-broken Tracy with Hero, now a hero indeed, and the boy, patting the dog's scorched, roughened head, would sob, "Oh, if I

seemed for weeks as if his reason would give way under the burden of his grief, but Time, the ever-kind assuager of anguish, helped him, and when spring came and Jessie was able to roam the woods with him for the flowers which were her delight, he began to learn, in the humbler home and heavier duties which their loss rendered necessary, the lesson of peace. But life, alas, can never again be to him the utterly shadowless thing it was, ere that night which will ever hold up before him its fiery hand of warning.

ADA M. RENNICOTT.



STAR FISH.

had only been as faithful as you, poor doggie, I should never have gone away and left her!"

No reproaches were ever added to the boy's bitter sorrow. They were unneeded. Indeed, it

THE MOST SINGULAR OF ALL THE STAR FISHES.

THE most singular of all the star fishes is the splendid *Astrophyton*. Its centre is not unlike the gorgeous appearance of a Chinese wheel; but what a curious tie of twisting and twining tentacles!

From the central disk five stout arms branch out, which are subdivided at once, and these again in turn; and so on continuously until more than eighty thousand branches are formed, puzzling the eye to search out the mass of ramifications. All these tentacles are extremely flexible, and are generally kept wreathing and twisting; but when the animal chooses, they can be so closely drawn up as to give the shape of a globular basket, hence the creature is often called by the fishermen the Sea-basket.

By stretching out this mass of long tentacles the animal forms a large net, by means of which it makes its captures and holds the victim to its mouth.

The Home Circle.

JACK'S MOTHER.

A NEIGHBOR'S CHAT.

ONE of the trials of my early married life was that of becoming accustomed to the habits of Jack's mother—my mother-in-law. I could not understand how she could make so free in our house. At first I thought I could break her of her free ways by stopping and looking at her as though I was surprised. I used to open my eyes with wonder, as much as to say: "Is she crazy? What does she mean?"

It did no good. She would tip the basket of stockings over, and cull out all of Jack's hose, take the needle and ball of yarn, and sit down to her darning as deliberately as if she were at home, and the sole possessor of the dear old boy of mine, Jack. Jack's socks first, always; then, if she had time to sit awhile longer, she darned mine, and Floesy's, and Mary's. She never apologized at all. How easily she could have said: "Your time is all taken up with your other work, Catharine, and I will make free to attack these small jobs. That will save time, and you can have an

hour in the evening to read, because you are so fond of reading."

But that was not her way of doing things. There was only the timber lot and the brook-field between our houses, and she came over every day or two, hung her gingham bonnet on the peg, looked around as if searching for something, took the baby on her knee, asked her whose little baby she was, and where she kept her sweetest kisses, and if she had saved any for grandmother; felt to see that no chafing came from a button or fastening, that the dress did not bind about the armholes or neck, that the little feet were warm and the stockings whole, and then went to work at something. Perhaps she saw dust accumulating on the picture-frames, or brackets, or window-sills; or maybe the newspapers were folded inside out, or the books piled unevenly; whatever it was, her quick eye detected it, and her keen sense of order and propriety made her regulate it immediately. It did touch me unpleasantly when she would go to the drawer where I kept Jack's wearing-apparel, and sniff around, level her spectacles on her nose, lift out his shirts one by one and look at them critically.

One time she said: "You are such a good washer, Cathern Ann, I must say, though they do say that 'praise to the face is open disgrace.' Now I'll show you how I used to make my Jack's shirts last a long time after most other women would have cast 'em aside."

And then she showed me how to fix the wristbands after they began to fray out. Instead of trimming off the raveled edge with the scissors after they are starched and ironed, she cut off the fringed edge deep enough to take away the seam, and then she turned in narrowly the two sides and used the over-and-over stitch, and made the bands quite as good as new. If a patch was required, she sat down deliberately and put it on, humming a hymn meanwhile, and seeming to enjoy the employment.

At first I did experience a rebellious feeling. I thought, "He is my husband; that is my work; as his wife, it is my place to look after his food and clothing."

I liked to see Flossy's lovely, silken hair tossed up in curls and rings on her forehead, even if it hung down quite into her eyes; I thought it made her resemble a picture or an ideal child. I delighted to make her look like some of the girls' pictures did at the seminary—"The Child on the Beach," or "The Little Wood-chopper"—but her staid, tidy, practical grandmother used to catch up the winsome little creature, dampen her beautiful hair, comb it back smoothly, as the pictures of the old patriarchs, and then tie a wide black ribbon round her head. She would appear too ridiculous; but I never removed the doleful black silk band before Jack's mother's eyes. Instead, I need to call the child Peggy Dow, for it made her resemble the wife of that eccentric old man, Lorenzo Dow.

In those days, long ago, I used to indulge in writing stories and verses for the press. I liked to do it. I liked the notoriety it gave me; and it may be that I did sometimes neglect my work a little. It gratified my vanity to see my name in the magazine, heralded after this fashion: "Our beautiful and gifted young authoress, Lucy Lovinda Lee, will have a poem in the May number, entitled, 'Oh, Wipe Away that Pearly Tear!' We predict for this new star in the galaxy of poesy a world-wide fame. May the thornless chaplet rest lightly upon the fair brow of this child of genius, and may the garland glow with immortelles fadeless as the stars of the morning." Or, the editor would say, while endeavoring to be as original as possible: "Our readers will thank us for laying before them this week a poem, the loveliest of the lovely emanations from the pure fount of feeling in the bosom of our valued contributor, Lucy Lovinda Lee, 'Rise and Shake Thine Orient Locks,' is certainly one of the finest gems from the golden garden of song that we have had the good fortune to obtain. Our young friend, whose euphonious *nom de plume* is music itself, has great reason to rejoice that she is one of the favored few. Her life is one of song. Her days must be glorious, illumined as they are by this unfailling fountain of minstrelsy. We bespeak for her bejeweled strain of exalted and perfect rhythm the careful perusal of an appreciative public."

I used to say: "See here, mother!" and point out the flattering notices.

But she would only say: "Yes—y-e-s," as she held one romping baby on her lap and the other

one played peep from behind her chair, while she slowly looked over the fulsome praise, spelling half the words. "Yes, it's all well enough, I s'pose; but, Cathern Ann, a good corn pone made after the real old Virginny style is worth more than a string o' these verses long enough to reach from your laylock down to the calf-pen."

She was right. She was sensible; and looking back, away back over those years, I can see now that Jack's mother was no ordinary woman.

A few years later, and the turn of fortune's wheel—always going round and round—brought my mother-in-law into our own home to spend the rest of her life. I had hoped it might have been otherwise; but I arraigned myself, and this was the charge I gave to Cathern Ann: Just please place yourself in her place, old and lonely, brought up amid privations, and in the time when the country was new and people had no advantages, with limited educational privileges, with a tinge of superstition in her make-up; an all absorbing, unselfish love for her only child, John; with notions peculiar about society and its customs, and the weakness attendant upon old age beginning to develop itself. As I deal with Jack's mother may others deal with me in my dotage. Bless her old heart! May the Lord make me to love her and bear with her, and show me how to make her last days her brightest and her best.

That was the judgment I meted out to myself at this solemn tribunal, where I sat as judge and stood as prisoner.

We got along together tolerably well. For the sake of other daughters-in-law I will give the pro and con. It will interest them, and may possibly make one of them more patient and pains-taking, and better able to keep back the hasty answer. How great and how grand and broad-sweeping the loud, and joyous, and triumphant song that comes down to us through the by-gone ages—"He that ruleth his spirit is greater than he that taketh a city." Many and many a time have we soothed our ruffled tempers back to the serene sweetness of patient content by simply saying over to ourselves in an earnest whisper these blessed words, "Greater than he that taketh a city." They are filled with consolation and comfort even to completeness.

We had all of mother's things brought to our house, and we put them as nearly as we could just exactly where she preferred. Among other things was a little, old, crumpled-up basket, which she had used for many years for a hen's nest.

"I 'lowed Pink would want to set as usual, and didn't want her to miss her old familiar nest," was the modest apology.

That was all well enough; but one day when we came home from a two days' visit to sister Augusta's, and found the basket in one corner of the kitchen, and Pink sprawled out over a dozen choice eggs, her head settled very properly and snugly down among her chin-feathers and neck-ruffles, we felt really disturbed, and more like kicking the satisfied old proprietress, eggs and all, out into the back door-yard than anything else. Really, the old hen did look too much as though she was the mistress of the manse sitting there so calm and complacent.

Jack's mother was watching me to see how I would take this new innovation. Certainly, I thought, if I give up to this queer fancy, queerer

ones may follow; so I said, cheerily: "O mother, that's getting too well acquainted; don't let's have her in here; she may bring vermin; and you know once a day a sitting hen flies off and shakes her wings and hunts for a worm and a crust of gravel, and makes a great ado!"

Poor mother, I felt sorry for the expression that was in her eyes; she looked pained and hurt, and maybe humiliated; but we three arranged a plan that was satisfactory, and Jack made a cozy, safe place for the basket in the corner of the back porch, and there, under our fostering care, Pink brought off eleven downy, healthy, happy little chicks, and they were all grandmother's chickens, to do what she pleased with.

When the time came to gather herbs, such as peppermint, and lobelia, and motherwort, and tansy, little bundles of them dangled from the walls of the kitchen, and sitting-room, and pantry. When they were all dried, I told mother they were so much better for being kept in the dark, and then she took a hint and put them in a cool, dark closet up-stairs.

We were careful to remember her birthdays with gifts, and gatherings of family connections, and tokens of good-will, and love, and sweet remembrance.

In pastry, she liked the crust made with soda and buttermilk, the old way; she was fond of pork cut in thin slices and fried, and she liked beans baked with salt pork, and nut-cakes made with lard as one of the ingredients. We always made these things for her after the manner to which she had been accustomed. Fruit, and cocoanut, and jelly cake did not come up to her idea of that which was good, so we followed her formula, and occasionally made her what she called a "stir cake."

It was so hard to draw the line with exactness—kindly, and justly, and properly—on one point. We did not allow the two little girls to learn the habit of drinking tea and coffee. The rosy, chubby little dears drank their new milk with relish, and wished for nothing better; but sometimes grandmother would sit sipping her tea or coffee, and her gaze would fall upon one of the children—oh, so lovingly!—and the next thing would be: "Flossy, dear, do you feel well, honey? Your eyes seem heavy, child, and sunken, as if you had played too hard, or jumped the rope too long. Have a little sip of grandma's good, creamy coffee. It will liven you up so, honey; will make you so full of life, and you will begin to skip before you know it."

Ah, the temptation! Grandmother meant well; she would not come in a meddlesome way between mother and child; but this was breaking down one of my positive rules. Who could withstand the tender, loving, crooning, pitying voice of a dear grandma? Why she could have made that child Flossy believe she was sick unto death with some of her plaintive talk and the magnetic touch of her warm, soft, old palms!

These kindly-meant favors were beginning to develop a species of affectation and childishness in the little girls. Sometimes she would say to Mary: "Come here, sweetheart, and sit with gammy! I heard you cough a spell ago. Do you hurt, lammie, in your throat?"

"Yes, ma'am," would be the answer, because the child felt so amiable when she was pitied and

cuddled in the bosom of her grandmother—felt obliged to be submissive and amenable.

And then the whimsical old lady would look into Mary's throat, and sometimes detect an unusual redness, and frequently the little hands would feel as "hot as fire."

"Is its head-ty hot, too?" she would say, in her blindest tone. "Well, well, gammy will make it some good pepper tea with shoody in it, and it'll be nicey—nicey for 'ee 'ittle durlie!"

Her influence on the children troubled me the most. She pitied them too much, and babied them; I wanted them to be brave and truthful little women, who would dare to do right under any circumstances; but not for the world would I have said a word to her of fault-finding. Oh, I thought, how much better off my little ones were under the sheltering wing of this kind grandmother, who loved them so dearly, than were my sister Augusta's. Her husband's mother lived with them, and she was cross, and always harassing the children, scolding about their playthings, urging them to learn fine stitching and to knit garters and suspenders; scolding because their hair was not braided closely and put up in tight little bobs on the temples, instead of flowing, and complaining of their mother for not whipping enough. She was always quoting Solomon to Augusta. And she was not truthful. She could not relate the simplest incident without magnifying greatly, and Augusta's children had fallen into the same grievous habit from association.

No, I had none of this to try my patience and vex my soul. My children would grow away from these small faults as they grew in years, and learned from example and experience. I would keep them close to me, and would teach them to grow strong and self-reliant.

A grandmother in the family gives one the opportunity of impressing many good traits upon the plastic minds of the children—helps one to lay the sound basis of a good character. If the grandmother is fretful, and they bear the annoyance kindly, they are taught patience; if she scolds and chafes under the restraints that old age lays upon her, they are taught meekness and endurance; if she is unkind and given to evil ways, or is feeble and in ill health, they are taught the beautiful discipline that rounds out into fullness the character of the consistent Christian who drinks daily from the fountain of God's grace and mercy. Such discipline is a chastening power for good; if one can endure the subjection meekly and kindly, the recompense is greater than he knows. God knows. The reward is triple; it is in this life and the life that comes hereafter.

Daily intercourse with one in her second childhood—the poor, empty, pretty childhood that makes the babyish laugh, and the gleeful rejoicing, and the eagerness that cannot abide refusal or delay—has its teachings and its double compensation.

O daughters-in-law, may the sweet words of promise, like prophecy, abide with you, and give you strength and patience, and may the white-winged angels encompass round about you, as you softly tread in your tedious rounds of duties daily done! Hold fast your good resolutions; keep back the sharp retort when provoked to anger; help to bear her burdens; be not chary of kind words; give of your love freely; and may the

Father deal with you as you have dealt to her.

In our grandma's bed-room stands her "little red chist," and we know with a heartache what lies in it, so softly folded and sweetly perfumed. And some days when she lingers longest over "the things," as she calls them, we know where her thoughts are, and we walk softly, as if the death-angel paused on our threshold. We know her poor old shrunken hands are trembling as she looks over the locks, and tresses, and keepsakes, and old yellow letters; and she lingers longest over the snowy apparel that will clothe her last of all, put on by other hands than her own, and smoothed down in the last sleep—the certain sleep that cometh to all alike. Well, well, take courage, for

"Many a sweet saint walks the earth
Still in these latter days,
By whom no miracles are wrought,
Whose deeds no canons praise;
Unconscious that her daily toil
Through doubt, and pain, and strife
Transfigured blooms to those who see
The beauty of her life."

CHATTY BROOKS.

SPENDING-MONEY FOR CHILDREN.

CHILDREN should have a regular allowance of pocket-money, for their very own, if it be no more than two cents a week. They should early learn to know their own little needs and expenses, and govern themselves accordingly. Such a thing ought to strike parents as wise and proper, yet, strange to say, in many cases it does not.

Here is one who will give his children almost anything in the world but money. Candy, toys and books are provided liberally as soon as they express a wish, but, we might truly say, a penny of their own they never have. Under such circumstances, children are likely to crave money above everything else—not for its use, but for itself, with a mean, miserly spirit. Or, when they once do become possessed of funds of their own, however small, they have no idea of the value thereof, and spend most lavishly and wastefully. Perhaps, also, they are tempted to dishonesty, and pilfer pennies wherever they can.

Other parents not only do not give their children money, but do not provide them with little necessities and luxuries which boys and girls generally have. Now, a moment's thought should, most assuredly, give them an idea of the meanness and mortifications to which such a course condemns a child. Imagine the feelings of a high-spirited boy who sees all his young companions provided with new akates, such as he cannot hope to have. Or of a sensitive girl, who can give nothing when her school-mates are contributing toward a present for their teacher. Or of both, when they have to bear the pitying glances and thoughtless remarks of their companions, called forth by their seeming poverty and stinginess.

Then, too, having no money often dwarfs children's developing talents. I have seen a little girl begin a beautiful piece of embroidery, which she was never able to finish, as she was never able to buy the needed materials; another, who patiently carved a doll's bedstead out of rough board, with no other tool than a blunt jack-knife, but the

pieces were never put together, and, finally, were lost and broken. Her father promised to buy her a bottle of liquid glue, but soon forgot his promise, while she, nearly every day for a whole year, would look at her incomplete work, oh! so wistfully, and wonder "when papa would get that glue." This is an old story, oft repeated. One child begins the collection of botanical specimens, but they are never arranged in a book. Another takes music-lessons, but does not learn more than one piece, as sheet-music costs money. Still another breaks off in the middle of her studies in water-colors, when her paint-box is empty. And yet, some blind mother exclaims, "Oh, my Susy has no perseverance! she wastes her time, and never finishes anything!"

As children become older, much of this same parental thoughtlessness is seen in another direction. If growing boys and girls have presents given them by relatives or earn anything themselves, it is either, "Give me your money to keep for you," or, "I'll spend your money more judiciously than you can"—that is, if, indeed, it is not, "That money's mine—I have a right to it." These may be extreme cases—still there are too many of them. Now, I believe that when a gift is once given, it is given absolutely. I believe, also, that any one who has intelligence sufficient to earn money has also intelligence sufficient to spend it. Moreover, these questions naturally arise, Will young people be benefited, mentally and morally, by the kindness of their relatives, if every gift acts as a bone of contention? Will they do their best, in performing their chosen work, if they are conscious that it is doing them very little direct good?

Gail Hamilton, in speaking of a young lady whom she especially admires, says, "She does not drop a borrowed book into the mud and return it with an apology; she replaces it first and apologizes afterward, even if she thereby has to sacrifice a pair of six-buttoned kid gloves." But what if she be that unfortunate individual, a young lady without a purse? She must return the book, with a reputation for carelessness and discourtesy which she does not deserve; or she must keep it such a long, long time that her friends begin to think she intends to appropriate it. A young lady without money! There are such beings, though their fathers may be wealthy or they themselves earn liberal salaries. I have known girls who habitually wore the richest silks and laces, yet who were compelled to ask their parents for six cents every time they wished to ride in the street-cars.

I don't know quite so much about boys and young men without money. But I know of several cases in which the attempt to keep the former so, has resulted in their running away from home or getting into various kinds of scrapes. Regarding the latter, I have heard thoughtless girls make ugly remarks, such as, "So-and-so never treats anybody—his pocket-book must be very thin."

Parents, in mercy and charity, do you want your children exposed to any such experiences as these?

Let the children early learn the use and worth of money. Let them make their blunders in spending while they are too young to do any great harm by it. They will be far more likely to grow up with just ideas and thrifty habits, neither ex-

alting money on the one hand nor undervaluing it on the other. Those who are accustomed to having it, think the least about it, and are by no means the most likely to fall into temptation on account of it. The ignorant poor are always more extravagant than the intelligent rich—the suddenly rich are always the greatest spendthrifts. Think upon these things and teach them to the children, so that the knowledge will be of use to them, before they have learned it by bitter experience.

Emphatically be it said, Let the children have their own spending-money. M. B. H.

LETTER TO THE GIRLS.

MY DEAR GIRLS: Would that I knew the words to use that should make you more thoughtful, more tender, more loving one toward another. The Lord, when He was upon the earth, said: "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another." "By this shall all men know if ye are my disciples, if ye have love one toward another." Everywhere throughout the records of His earthly life we read the tender, yearning, forgiving, unfailing love He felt toward His children. If He was severe toward the sin, He did not condemn the sinner; His ministry, He said, was not for the righteous, but for the sinner; He came not to condemn, but to help, to love, to save them.

We, who are ourselves not perfect, judge and condemn one another; we, who are not "without sin," feel ourselves so good and so pure that we draw our robes away from the contaminating touch of those at whose side we are journeying. Notwithstanding our own weakness, our own frailty, our own faults and shortcomings, we censure and deride others who are walking unsteadily—perhaps a little more so than we; perhaps, quite as often, a little less waveringly.

The man who "was without sin" could pity and love the "blind 'mid rough paths groping." Cannot we, who know so well what it is to be imperfect, love and pity those who are groping and struggling even as we are, and give the loving word of help, the cheering word of encouragement, the strength of appreciative sympathy?

There are none of us who can "cast the first stone." And down through the centuries comes the pleading voice: "Little children, love one another;" "even as I have loved you, love ye one another." If I do not condemn, why should you? Bind up the wounds of the bruised; strengthen the weak and the weary; be eyes for the blind, and feet for the lame and the halt; feed the hungry; give drink unto the thirsty, and from those that would ask of you turn not away.

Think of the possibility of its being your hand that giveth a stone instead of bread; of a soul starving because of your iniquity; of giving condemnation instead of encouragement; the condemnation may be all that was needed to send a sensitive, famishing spirit on "the road that leadeth to destruction;" the word of encouragement may have been the one bond that would have drawn it back unto the ways of righteousness and peace.

Oh, watch and guard well the feelings that find growth in your hearts, for it is they which find expression in your words and actions; let your

thoughts be loving, loving, and ever loving. Think of others with the desire to help them, to bless them, to see them doing good instead of evil, right instead of wrong. Let the burden of your acts and words be, I love you, even, somewhat, as the Father loveth us all. AUNTIE.

FROM MY CORNER.

No. 58.

BACK again in my corner, thought is frequently busy with the recollection of that pleasant visit to the country, and my tongue busy, too, very often, recounting incidents of interest to Lizzie, for Mrs. D. is also a dear friend of hers. The visit ended as delightfully as it began, and the return trip brought the crowning pleasure of all. Sitting alone in the car on my homeward way, a great bunch of sweet-brier and other roses in my lap, I had been gazing, intently, out of the window at the swiftly moving panorama gliding by, when I heard a voice close beside me, say, "Is not this an old friend of mine?" and turning, saw a tall, fine-looking man standing near, regarding me with a questioning look. At the first glance I saw something very familiar in the brown bearded face, but vainly tried to identify it, until it smiled. Then, like a flash, memory took me back, and another place and scene were before me.

A young girl standing at the gate of the little brown cottage, so far away, on just such a lovely June evening as was this. Sunset clouds glorified the west, and a soft breeze brought the scent of sweet-brier on its wings. Over her head the branches of a hawthorn hung low, and she played idly with its snowy blossoms, as she watched a couple coming slowly up the road—one, her dearest companion among the girls with whom she had grown up, and the other, this same manly figure, though without the brown beard, which at the first moment had so disguised him now. As they reached the gate, Vivian introduced him as a friend from the town where she had spent the previous winter, and seating ourselves on a rustic bench under the hawthorn, we commenced an acquaintance that ripened into valued friendship. Not long after that, he came to settle in our place, and I soon found that he was going to win one of our best treasures, yet could not regret it, when seeing how worthy he appeared. The next Christmas I helped to dress Vivian for her bridal, and saw her give herself into the keeping of one who, I felt satisfied, would spend his life in striving to make hers a happy one. During the year that followed, filled with happiness for them, with trial and sorrow for me, they were tried and trusted friends; then our paths diverged, never to meet again until now. Even our correspondence had long since ceased, and I only heard of the still dear friend of my girlhood at intervals far apart and through some passing acquaintance. But now her husband had come, bringing me joyful news. When I came back from my sudden journey into the past, the old, familiar voice was saying something about watching me from the farther end of the car, and thinking he could not be mistaken, though my face was turned away. Then we sat down together, and the next twenty minutes were rapidly filled with mutual questions and answers regarding each other's lives and welfare. He

spoke with a father's pride of the four children growing up around them; especially of the eldest daughter, now growing large enough to help her mother in many things; for Vivia was not strong, he said, and although she had not lost her old, bright ways, her rosy cheeks and elastic step had disappeared.

They had been living for some time past, in a town not very far below us, but now he was going to change his business, and had come here looking for a location in the country, near our town, and his wife had already been planning for the pleasant times we were to have together once more. A few days after this, he came to see me at home, telling me that he had found a suitable place, about five miles from town, with a comfortable house, in a pretty situation, and that in a few weeks he would bring his family to it, and then Vivia and I should soon see each other. So now, while waiting in eager anticipation, I go over and over in thought, the joy of that meeting, and wonder and surmise about our intercourse in the future. Will she be the same in heart and manner, or will the cares and vicissitudes of life have changed her, as they do many others, so that she will seem strange to me? And will she find me much altered from the friend she used to know? And what will the children be? How strange it will be to see her a steady matron, with a family of boys and girls around her. We played together when scarcely more than children ourselves. She was the first girl I found that I liked after coming out to this part of the country, feeling almost heart-broken with leaving all the friends of my childhood. I learned to ride horseback on her gentle old pony. We used to get up, one behind the other, and ride through the woods, under low-hanging branches, across little brooks where ferns and anemones grew, through shady dells and over rocky ridges, singing and laughing, while the frightened squirrels hid in the crotches of the great oak boughs as we passed. There was a certain spring, crystal clear and delightfully cool, bubbling up in a secluded nook with an ancient, sweet gum-tree leaning over it protectingly. This was a favorite haunt in our summer rides. There we often got down, and throwing off our hats, bathed our faces in the temptingly clear water that trickled away over tiny pebbles in a little run. In later years we sometimes went there with other companions beside ourselves, and had miniature picnics and literary meetings, sitting on the great tree roots around the spring. I wonder if she remembers how a piece of the rough bark of the old gum tree was cut away, and the initials of six names were carved in the smooth rind underneath. Bamboo vines clambered over tall bushes near the spot, and in the fall, dwarf sun-flowers and bright golden rod bloomed all along the borders of the little run. I never see the graceful, feathery sprays of the latter without being taken back immediately to those happy days.

What power there is in even the momentary sight or scent of many flowers, to recall old scenes and associations. I believe they are one of the strongest mediums to carry thought. A bed of white clover, a spray of coral honeysuckle, a cluster of tall, white phlox or the flowers of the lowly "Star of Bethlehem," bring instantaneously before my sight the dear old childhood's home. The scent of heliotrope transports me to the

loveliest spot I ever saw in the beautiful flower-land of Louisiana. Sweet-brier and wild blue violets have later associations more precious still. Minnie Carlton had, at least, one appreciative reader of her pleasant talk about the spring flowers. That searching under brown leaves for the violets and anemones, and being repaid with such beauty—ah! many of us know what charming pastime it is, even though there are some who can do it no more. I do not know the yellow violet at all, but have snapped off the heads of many of the tiny blue ones when sitting on a fallen log in the woods; and we have here the beautiful bird-foot violet, the finest of all. The bright yellow dandelions were dotted all through the grass and clover in the old home, and in our childish play we often gathered their feathery, white balls, and blew off the down to see if our mother's wanted us.

I have long wished to see the hepatica, which I read of so often in New England sketches, and suppose grows only there; and the dainty trailing arbutus I only know by some blossoms which a friend sent me, that were all withered and dry when they reached me. But oh, those "golden buttercups!" I loved so dearly when a child; which other little fingers used to count their greatest treasures. I would rather see one of them now, after all the lapse of years since I last plucked one, than the handsomest rose you could bring me. And I know that many another heart has just such precious memories connected with other flowers, no matter how unpretentious—perhaps with some of these same ones—and treasures them while life lasts.

LICHEN.

THE SABBATH AT HOME.

IT has become one of the great questions of the times, "How shall we teach the rising generation to reverence God's holy day, and yet to call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honorable?" Many object to the old Puritanical strictness of Sabbath observance, and say: "The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath, and we are privileged to use the day according to our individual notions;" and their consciences are satisfied if they have attended church once and have sent the children to Sunday-school. The remainder of the day the children are left to spend the precious hours as they choose, provided they preserve a decent exterior before the world, and are quiet enough to permit their parents to read and sleep undisturbed.

With many mothers, the question is: "How shall we avoid the rigor that makes the day irksome to the young; and how shall we avoid this laxity which ignores all obligations to keep the day holy?"

We asked this question of a friend, a Christian woman, whose judgment would settle all questions in our mind, and we are pleased to give her reply. It was a long, full, cordial response, which we abbreviate as little as possible. She says:

"A few habits are fixed and inviolate in our household. We prepare for the Sabbath. Resolving never to use my own time, or that of my help, to cook a Sunday dinner, we prepare a sufficient variety of articles, suitable for eating cold or warming rapidly, the day previous, and with a little forethought, find it an easy matter to get up

a dinner in this way that is satisfactory to all the household. Next, we see that each member of the family has a bath, and clean clothes made ready for the weekly change, on the evening of Saturday, and that all retire to rest as early on that night as any other; for we believe that the Sabbath is often 'cracked,' if not broken, the evening previous, by sitting up late to finish some garment, some mending or book, trusting to Sabbath hours to make good the deficiency of sleep. Then, having slept the usual amount, we rise at or near the usual time in the morning without the 'Sunday headache,' which is so often traceable to over-sleeping, or to late hours the previous night.

"Acting on this rule, we do not change the bed linen on Sunday, nor, as so many families do, gather the soiled clothes and put them in soak for the next day's wash. We leave all this for Monday; and we are glad to know that thrifty housewives are coming far more commonly than heretofore to adopt Tuesday for the family washing-day. We thus manage not only to get the house in order in good season, but to get more time than usual for morning prayers, which we particularly want, as we then read the Sunday-school lesson for the day, and talk it over, until even the little ones are interested and prepared for their classes.

"The question is never raised, 'Which of the children wish to attend church?' All expect and are expected to go—unless kept by sickness or the care of baby—as much as they expect to go to weekday school. They are all trained to be self-helpful, and all are ready in season, so as not to disturb the congregation by tardiness.

"Our Sabbath-school, or Bible service, as we call it, follows church service; and as the parents are teachers or members of the Bible class, of course the children never think themselves too old or too young to attend. Then comes the dinner. We endeavor to have something that each one likes—generally something rare and extra—on that day. After dinner comes the precious afternoon hours, which we try to make pleasant. The mother needs rest, and has a right to some of the sacred hours for her own refreshment, meditation and prayer, and after she is rested, comes the family reunion. Father, too busy through the week to be with the children very much, has a good time reading and talking with them. His stories are different from mamma's; and while she is not with them, she has the satisfaction of knowing that the children are not left to hear the gossip of the servants, but are being taught in some things even better than she could do it.

"There is such a thing, sometimes, as children left too much to feminine influence. We have examples of it in young men who have been reared entirely by mother or sisters; they are 'goody boys,' excellent, but lacking in spirit, in bravery and manliness—too tender, and gentle, and womanly to go forth and battle their way like men in this busy, bustling world of ours. The children need the masculine element of strength and enterprise to supplement the feminine teachings of docility and gentleness. One balances and completes the other. The girls ought to be stimulated and strengthened in character by contact with their father's mind, while the boys should learn from his example what true manliness is. Poor little fellows! they see sham manliness enough every weekday among their school-fellows. To

our busy, business working men, Sunday is the only time they have to teach and become well acquainted with their children. The fact that pa is to be at home all day, ought to be the best treat of the whole week, Sunday included.

"In the afternoon or evening, we sing and read, and then is the time in which we insist upon the learning of the next Sunday's lesson, or dwelling upon it so that our thoughts will not go far from it during the week. We aim to say something that will make the children think on the subject readily; to bring out some point which will abide with them persistently and pleasantly. We all sing while one plays—sometimes the sweet old hymns which our mothers sang to us as they soothed us to sleep in the creaking rocking-chair; sometimes the most exultant psalms, the sweet songs of Zion; and all the favorites of the little folks, from 'Let the Little Ones Come Unto Me,' 'The Old, Old Story,' 'Let the Good Angels come in,' 'Shining Shore,' down to tra-la-la, to suit the baby.

"We save the choicest new book, and the best places in the religious paper, and the prettiest poem we have found during the week, for our Sunday afternoon regalement. Why shouldn't we? Too many of us were fed in youth upon the outer husks. Let us see to it that our children eat the sweet kernel.

"To encourage the little ones in getting good lessons, committing a part or all of the verses, they are promised, as soon as they have mastered the work, some fruit, or candy, or something else of sufficient rarity to make it a treat. Most families treat themselves at sometime to such things—we prefer to save ours for Sunday afternoon; for the Sabbath being the best day of the week, we love to cluster around it our best things.

"One of the needs of our family, is exercise on Sunday, and just how to secure it, is one of the most difficult problems we have to meet. In summer I almost always accept the invitation of the children and go out with them to walk about the yard and garden, for we fortunately live in the suburbs of the town, and are not annoyed by over-observant neighbors, and we love to watch the growth and unfolding of every plant and flower, and talk of the skill and kindness of Him who cares for them all.

"When the weather is not suitable for a walk, and the little ones are fretful, I make them put on their things and take a run around the house. That stirs the blood and leaves them quite ready to sit down and be quiet. We call this little canter around the house, a 'Sabbath day's journey.' On week days, or wet, or winter days, we call it a 'journey down to Boston.' On such occasions the baby rides on the back of one of the boys pretending to travel on horseback. But the best feature of the Sabbath is that part called 'the family visit.' Sometimes the singing is shortened and we have this, instead, or, we have it immediately after the singing and the lesson. All cluster around mother—the little ones in her lap—and mother draws out their little confidences, and explains puzzling things that they cannot understand, and talks about the loving Jesus, and how He helps children to be good, and how He loves them, and cares for them, and wants them to trust Him, even as they would trust their own dear papa. Each one then recites a text from the Bible,

which mother explains and simplifies, and briefly enforces, and then she chooses a motto for each, to be remembered and thought of daily, and lived up to during the coming week. Then all in turn pray in simple language, expressing their own thanks and wants. Then come the older children, either together or singly, for a confidential talk with mother, about plans, aims, success, failures, at home, at school, in the outer or inner heart-work, and help is sought for all during the temptations of the week. The habit of often praying before others will help them all to be active Christians in more mature life. And then we all join in singing, which is like a benediction at the close of service. It does seem as though nothing more surely knits together the hearts of the family than this blessed service of song.

"For supper we have tea and milk, bread and butter, and some kind of fruit or preserves, or something that the children are pleased with. And while we do not enforce the strictest rules of decorum and good behavior in our family, we aim to make our children happy, and to give them the most delightful memories of their childhood. In our family, at least, the Sabbath is always a joy and a means of grace. Our children love it dearly. Some mothers might object and say that if they adhered to this plan, the Sabbath day would be the hardest day in the week. In reply we would say, what mother who loves her children would not be willing to make some sacrifice for them and for their future welfare, both temporal and spiritual? Is this not better than to see her sons loafing on the streets or aimlessly wandering through the groves and along the creek-banks on Sunday, as though the restriction to keep the Sabbath were almost intolerable? The minds of the young are so impressible, and who is so well adapted and entitled to make the first and the most lasting impressions, as the mother? She is the one to influence the hearts of her children. They are educated by the example of the father and mother. If properly understood, the Sabbath has no restraints, as some people are prone to call it—they are blessings. If we love the day and are happy and cheerful ourselves, our children will be also. Oh, the weariness of never-ending toil, no matter what kind, without this blessed break of the day of rest!"

PIPSEY POTTS.

TRIMMING PARASOLS.

IT has just occurred to me that some reader of the "Home Circle" might profit by my experience in repairing a parasol. The idea was suggested by reading of a lady of fashion who furnished up a once elegant parasol by sewing on tips of peacocks' feathers. Now that would be rather gorgeous; and one would need to have the rest of one's attire to correspond.

I had been thinking I must have a new parasol. The soft, twilled silk, oil-boiled, ebony and ivory handled one I bought down on Ninth Street, Philadelphia, just before leaving there, had lasted three summers. The first summer I was in Southern New York recuperating, and did not use it much; took an old one on my walks and picnics. The second season it made innumerable expeditions; and what I did not see of Cleveland and vicinity from under that parasol, I shall not ever

be likely to. Last summer it went chiefly to market and post-office, never once getting outside the Bradford hills and derricks—not even in search of blackberries. Before the season was over, though, it began to break about the top and down through the middle of the spaces.

I went and looked at some of the best parasols in the "old stock"—the new were "on the way"—but they were all plain silk, neither twilled, oil-boiled nor so nice a handle, but cost just as much. So, looking over the rints in the old one to see if they were darnable, all at once I remembered seeing one somewhere—maybe it was the Centennial summer, one saw most everything then—nicely trimmed up with velvet ribbon, for that is how it looks when well done.

I had a little belt one inch wide, just what was needed. It had been used, to be sure, about as much as the parasol; but you remember the injunction about not putting "new cloth on an old garment." Perhaps satin ribbon, new or old, would be prettier. At the top it must be doubled in points and securely fastened, with the parasol open; then run down both sides with fine silk, and finished close at the bottom or in loops, as you fancy; and there you are! When I counted the spaces, and found the work required the best of a half day, just how I beguiled the tedious time you will see below; and as I did you may, if you choose, while away the hours with the only parody that would fit:

Eight rows of ribbon to sew smooth and even—
One is in place, yet there are seven.

Seven rows of ribbon nicely to fix—
Two are in place, now there are six.

Six rows of ribbon deftly to contrive—
Three are disposed of, but there are left five.

Five rows of ribbon; then there will be four—
When the work is half done—just half, and no more.

Four rows of ribbon—I wish I was free,
For I'm now getting tired; but still there are three.

Three rows of ribbon; this short strip will do;
And now it is on, there are left only two.

Two rows of ribbon; the work is most done,
For when this is sewed there'll be left only one.

But one strip of velvet, and now I am through,
And ready to hunt for May flowers, friend, with you.

LEWIS OLIVER.

DEAR MR. ARTHUR: Please let one more stranger into the "Home Circle," and be one of that circle.

To-day, feeling worn and weary, I picked up my last year's HOME MAGAZINE and read the "Annals of a Baby." Bless the dear one who wrote it! It must certainly prove a treasure to many mothers; so very touching. Can any one read it and not weep? I have recently had the privilege of hearing a portion of it read by a talented reader, and thought it one of the most touching productions I had ever heard. He read only "The Children's Christmas Gift to the Crippled Sister." Many that heard it were deeply affected.

I have been for many years a constant reader of

the HOME MAGAZINE, and always welcome it as a friend. What I have learned of "Pipsey" has paid for the books, especially where she told us always to put a slip of paper in the joint of the stove-pipe to remind us of our coffee browning in the oven.

But I want to tell the sisters my way of settling the coffee. As soon as the coffee has got nearly cool (after browning), I beat one egg (this for

twenty-five or fifty cents worth), and stir all through it, and return to the oven to thoroughly dry. That is all the settling it ever needs, and is much nicer than adding eggs each time, especially in the winter, when eggs are scarce and high.

I must close now; but as this is the first offense, pardon my being so lengthy.

A BELLE PLAINE, IOWA, READER.

Housekeepers' Department.

HOW TO MAKE AN OMELETTE.

WHEN, from some cause or other, an addition to dinner is required on short notice, there is nothing, says an experienced housekeeper, that I can recommend so much as a well-made "Omelette," either savory or sweet. Indeed, I have found omelettes such a convenient resource, on so many occasions, that I think every housekeeper should endeavor to become an adept in the making of them.

It is really a very easy thing to make an omelette, and yet it so very often turns out a failure. Is it not so, my dear readers? One reason for this is, that some cooks are so easily discouraged, especially those amateur cooks who like to try every new dish, and become proficient in none. To those ladies, I would say, "that experience must be bought, perhaps more in cooking than in other things, but that it also leads to perfection."

The proper utensils required are, a thick iron frying-pan, of a convenient size, having a close-fitting lid, also of iron, and a tin slice for moving and lifting the omelette. This slice, which is similar to a fish-slice, ought to be kept exclusively for lifting cakes, tarts, omelettes, etc. Never use a knife or fork, as it is apt to damage and spoil the appearance of things.

To make an *Ordinary Omelette*, beat four eggs together with two tablespoonfuls of milk, until quite frothy; add a little pepper and salt, then put a piece of butter the size of a walnut, into the frying-pan, and when it begins to brown, pour in the butter and let it remain quiet for a minute; turn up the edges of the omelette gently with a slice and shake it to prevent it from sticking to the bottom of the pan, and fry till a light brown.

Then take the frying-pan off the fire and cover it up with the lid, which must have been in the meantime made quite hot before the fire, or else have piled up red coals on the top. The omelette will then rise and color, and when of a golden brown, lift it out with the slice and serve immediately.

If you let it get partially cold, it will become heavy. It is best not to prepare it until just before it is wanted to be eaten.

Omelette aux fines herbes is made by adding to the eggs and milk a tablespoonful of either of the following: Finely minced parsley, young leeks, onions, echalots, also green peas, the green tops of asparagus, French beans and small mushrooms. Or it may be mixed with minced ham, tongue, kidney or any other cold meat.

Cheese Omelette is made by whisking the eggs and milk to a froth, and then stirring in lightly a spoonful of grated cheese to every egg used; minced parsley and thyme may be added.

Chicken Omelette.—Mince the white part of some cold chicken. Season with mace, white pepper and nutmeg. Then beat up eight eggs. With half the quantity, make a thin omelette. When brown on the under side, lift it out and lay it upon a hot plate. Spread the minced chicken over its surface, and with the remainder of the eggs make another omelette like the first. Lay it over the other, with the under side uppermost; make the two surfaces adhere, and serve.

A *Sweet Omelette* for dessert is made by whisking the eggs and milk with a pinch of salt and a tablespoonful of finely-powdered sugar. Flavor with essence of Vanilla. The squeeze of a lemon or Seville orange is also very good. The omelette is then called after either of the things it is flavored with.

Health Department.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

EVERY girl honestly desires to be attractive. While every woman cannot be beautiful, she can be absolutely charming. She can be intelligent, and that is one of the most potent charms; she can be cheerful, and that is a charm above all price; and she can have pretty, kindly ways that will make everybody love her. She can be so gracious that her presence is as sunshine and dew, and her coming will be hailed as a source of pleasure. Perseverance will accomplish results the

most gratifying. To those wishing to be beautiful, we say, good health is the key to beauty. The healthy woman can snap her fingers in the face of the world. Health is more to be desired than wealth, for it brings to its possessor a joy that even the most exquisite beauty is powerless to bestow. Every woman ought to have an intelligent knowledge of physiology. Then she would not dare to wear tight clothing, knowing the fearful consequences; to overload her stomach with improper food, or to expose herself to inclement weather; to go with insufficient clothing, or to risk her health

improperly during contagion. A knowledge of the commonest facts in hygiene would prevent all this. She would learn that in this busy, working life we all live, nothing is so necessary as rest—that comes in time to prevent chronic diseases and ruined constitutions.

A fine, clear skin is not possible without pure blood, and this can only be insured by strict attention to diet. One must learn to deny herself tea and coffee, pork, pastry and many articles of food that she likes; must learn to eat slowly and at regular hours; must be cheerful and hopeful, ready to laugh and sing, and enjoy the simple pleasures of life. To keep this good blood pure requires plenty of exercise in the open air. "The skin must be kept clean," a voice says from over our shoulder, "and I see you have forgotten one of the best things yet, and you must not forget to tell the girls that soda—saleratus—is invaluable in real warm water for bathing purposes. Put enough in the water to make it feel a little slippery or sudsy: it is very sweet and cleansing, but should be rinsed off the face, neck and hands well, for fear of sunburn." "Yes, I see," says the woman's voice beside us, "you have left out none of the requisites, you have spoken of food, exercise, bathing, fresh air and sunshine. They are the cosmetics that nature keeps in her laboratory to deal out to the girls, and they should never stoop to use any substitutes. The paltry subterfuges of art should be scorned by every pure-minded girl."

One's bath should not always be the same. We find an occasional bath with salt and water to have the effect of a tonic. At other times a spoonful of ammonia is good, put into a pailful of tepid water, especially for those who perspire freely; at other times a fine, warm Castile soap-suds; and frequently, clear, cold water. The latter when one experiences a sense of lassitude, weariness or a desire to sleep at untimely hours.

We would never make war on freckles. They make a plain face piquant and roguish. Only yesterday, one of the faculty, in speaking of a young lady, said: "Her freckles are her charm, they match her brown eyes and her sunny smiles, and give her face such a rare, roguish expression." They can be coaxed away with sour buttermilk-wash, lemon-juice, vinegar and bruised tansy, but the first ride out in the sunshine will bring them all back again, browner than at first. They are "the stolen kisses of the sun."

To prevent sunburn, one should not wash immediately before going out. Let the entire and thorough ablution be at night; this will in a measure save the complexion when necessarily exposed.

To make the hair soft and abundant, brush it often and wash the roots of it with a small brush dipped in warm water with a trifle of any cleansing fluid in it—say borax, which is very sweet, and clean, and cooling.

The teeth should be washed and brushed daily, the mouth rinsed after each meal. Care should be taken not to use a harsh brush, or one that would injure the gums.

Take care of the figure. Bring out all the good points possible, and if there be any defects, the latitude of fashion will allow them to be hidden by some contrivance which will enhance and beautify. Make your clothing to fit your body, not your body to fit your clothes. Wear shoes that are comfortable, and easy, and neat, even though they are larger than any other girl of your acquaintance wears. Who cares? What can measure with your own comfort? Tight shoes are a source of discomfort, and the origin of corns, tender joints, bunions, ingrowing toe-nails, and, worst of all, defective vision. Many a girl wears glasses, and, rumor says, "injured her eyesight by hard study," when the truth is, that her shoes were two sizes too small.

Art at Home.

STAINING FLOORS.

HOT weather makes all housekeepers ready to take up their carpets and put their floors on a summer footing. Staining floors is so easily done at home, and so very satisfactory, that it is not surprising that every spring the housekeeper inclines to have yet another room "finished" in this way.

The *Art Interchange* gives the following directions for coloring a pine floor which is to be partially covered with rugs: "Buy at any house-painter's store, turpentine and linseed-oil (not boiled). Ask them to put a little Japanese dryer in the turpentine. Buy either burnt sienna or Vandyke brown, or both, according to the color of the rugs and the tint on the walls. These colors come put up in tin-cans, smaller, but otherwise similar to tomato or fruit-cans. After your floor has been washed thoroughly clean, is free from dust and dry, begin by opening your can and mixing, in another receptacle, the oil, turpentine and paint. Remember, the oil is to thin your paint, the turpentine to dry it. The mixture should be so thin that it will run with liquid readi-

ness. Lay it on with a brush, as thick as your hand, stroking the brush the way of the grain of the wood. Protect your hands with old gloves, and go over the floor with a rag. In fact, you will need two rags—one pretty well charged with paint, to rub in every crevice, and another rag to rub off any superfluous paint. Mind your stops; or, rather, put some mind in the way you stop. Do not stop in a straight line across the grain of the wood, but carry your brush irregularly down, taking a hint from nature's lines in the wood you are preserving with paint. By mixing the burnt sienna and Vandyke brown, you will secure a rich color without needing to use the paint in a thick form. Your mixture should be so thin that the grain of the wood will show through. If you have too much turpentine, the paint will rub off. If you have too little, your room will need more days to dry. Twice as much oil as turpentine, certainly. Do not economize the oil, and be as prodigal in rubbing as your strength will permit."

To keep the gloss on a stained floor, it is recommended once a week to wipe up the floor with diluted buttermilk or sour milk.

Fancy Needlework.



JACKET FOR YOUNG GIRLS.

JACKET FOR YOUNG GIRLS (crochet and point russe).—Sleeveless jacket of blue single Berlin wool, crocheted in Victoria stitch, with a vest of white wool, edged with a border crocheted with colored filoselle. Buttons and buttonhole to fasten. The pattern for the jacket must be cut out in lining, and the crochet must be widened or narrowed. On the right side of the vest fourteen buttonholes must be crocheted at a distance of two stitches from the margin. For a buttonhole, at the desired place, instead of taking up one stitch out of every stitch, work 1 double in every stitch, and in the second row crochet 3 chain. Then, consulting the illustration, embroider the vest in point russe, going over the buttonholes with pink silk. Then crochet round with pink silk as follows: 1st row:

1 double in every stitch. 2d row: 1 double in first stitch, then alternately 2 chain, miss 1, 1 double. 3d row: * 1 double in 2 chain, 1 chain, 5 treble in 2 chain, 1 chain, repeat from *. The separate parts of the jacket are then joined together on the wrong side, and the jacket and armholes are edged with blue wool as follows: 1 double, * 1 chain, 3 purl of 5 chain and 1 double, join to the stitch where the double of the 1st purl was crocheted, 1 chain, miss 1, 1 double repeat from *. Then with blue silk round the jacket, 1st row: Alternately 1 double, 2 chain, miss 1. 2d row: * 1 double in 2 chain, 1 chain, 7 treble in 2 chain, 1 chain, repeat from *. Lastly, add the buttons at the requisite places.

The Temperance Cause.

A NEW TEMPERANCE PAPER.

"THE TAP ROOT" is the title of a new twelve-page monthly paper, "devoted to the interests of prohibition and germane reforms." The editor and publisher is Miss C. M. Victor, No. 1169 Girard Street, Philadelphia. Price, \$1 00 a year.

Miss Victor is well known to the advocates of temperance reform as a vigorous writer and speaker; and as an uncompromising opponent of the liquor traffic in any and all of its forms. The following sentiments are printed on the the illustrated title-page of the paper:

"I will never consent that the State shall seek Profit from the Suffering and Degradation of the People."—*Emperor of China.*

"To encourage Drunkenness for the sake of a profit on the sale of liquor, is certainly one of the most criminal methods of assassination hitherto adopted by the bravos of any age or country."—*John Ruskin.*

"The habit of indulging in ardent spirits by men in office has occasioned more injury to the public than all other causes, and were I to commence my administration again with the experience I now have, the first question I would ask, respecting a candidate, would be, 'Does he use ardent spirits.'"—*Thomas Jefferson.*

We make the following extracts from the leading editorial in "The Tap Root," to show the attitude of Miss Victor on the question of prohibition, and her method of dealing with the iniquity of the dram-shop:

"The Tap Root enters the field of journalism as a radical temperance paper. It does not relish surface work. Neither does it believe in temporizing nor in compromising with a moral evil—which in effect, is to debauch the public conscience—but in adopting the Biblical as well as common-sense, method: PROHIBIT IT and PUNISH IT.

"That the liquor traffic, the fountain of intemperance, is a moral evil is so self-evident no stretch of sophistry can make it even appear anything better. A moral evil! Why, friends, it is a LEGALIZED CRIME. * * * It is not only a plain violation of the fundamental principle of law and government, viz., to provide for the general welfare, or in other words, to improve the political, economical and social conditions of society, but it repeals the two Divine commandments on which

hang all the law and the prophets, and doing this, it must be a sin against God as well as a crime against humanity. How such a traffic can be tolerated in a Christian civilization is an anomaly that only hell can explain.

"In vain will you search the Bible or the essential principles of jurisprudence for any warrant or any justification of such a traffic, and that a business at war with every right of the individual and of society should have been permitted to erect itself into a supreme political power, dominating parties, making and unmaking laws at its pleasure, is an indictment of the patriotism of every consenting voter in the land.

"What is morally wrong can never be made politically right. And yet, this traffic in the bodies and souls of men, WOMEN and CHILDREN is a political institution; it stands or falls by votes. Why is it allowed to STAND, Christian voters? Why has not the tree, that has never in the history of all ages and of all countries brought forth any good fruit, been long since hewn down and cast into the fire, as is the command? Why? Because the tree, planted in the muck-hill of partisan politics, has had an unlooked-for, rapid and vigorous growth, while its corrupt and corrupting fruit has been a supposed party necessity—and party ties, like railroad ties, are held inviolable to such a degree that a vast majority of the very best men in the nation have for long years been in a state of what may fitly be called, "party drunk." Party allegiance for the sake of party success, has bound them like conquered slaves to the triumph cars of Bacchus and Gambrius; and year after year we have beheld the humiliating spectacle of American Christian gentlemen sacrificing the most sacred and vital interests of the country upon the altars of these false and foreign gods. Verily, it is time to turn over a new leaf in the history of American Independence.

"As the dram-shop is a political institution dependent upon the ballot-box, we must oppose to it political methods and measures; hence the necessity for the permanent organization and equipment of a political party, State and National, having for its basic principle the prohibition of the entire traffic in intoxicating beverages."

We trust that the friends of the cause will give Miss Victor's paper a substantial welcome. The price is only one dollar a year.

Fashion Department.

FASHIONS FOR JULY.

IN our last number we spoke of new woolen fabrics, light in weight, and intended for summer wear. Now we have to mention several more of the same style, known as beige bunting, granite cloth, drap de tricot, serge, foule, crep de lessers, caïres, bordered camel's hair, armure and Alsatian checks. These are combined

with striped satin surah, shaded silks and satins or plain surah silk. Goods that come bordered require no other trimming.

Costumes for visiting and shopping purposes are plainly made. A walking-dress for a young girl is of serge foule and surah satin. On the lower skirt are two pleated flounces. The apron is puffed lengthwise and divided in two places by three rows of crosswise shirs. Down the sides

fall two surah ends drawn together on the lower part under satin-ribbon loops. In the back is a small, draped puffing. The waist is open down the front, with revers and a turned-down collar. The lower part of the basque is cut up, with ribbon loops falling from underneath. The back of the waist is habit-shaped. The tight-fitting sleeves are finished above the wrist with a narrow pleating surmounted by a puffing.

Dressy wraps are of satin de Lyon, trimmed with elaborate bead passementeries. Novel wraps made entirely of chenille are worn over light toilettes. Lace capes, bead trimmed, are also much worn. Bead trimmings and laces are black, gold, steel, crystal and iridescent, and must be judiciously used. Among the more dressy fabrics are illuminated silks, like the old-fashioned "shot" silks.

Suits are made and trimmed very much according to individual fancy. Basques, polonaises and princess dresses are worn as much as ever. Many new dresses are chiefly noticeable for little capes, hanging loops and sashes, trimmings of brocaded goods and fancy-painted buttons.

There is little novelty in children's costumes. Very little boys wear cloth suits, with round, flat skirts reaching to the top of the boots. The coat is as long as the skirt, with the corners raised and

trimmed with galloon. Little girls dress very much like grown ladies.

Hats and bonnets vary from large to small, young ladies liking the large best. Flowers and fruit, such as currants, cherries, etc., are used as trimmings, but they do not supplant the graceful ostrich tips and plumes, many of these latter shaded to match the fashionable ombre ribbon. More dressy bonnets are small French capotes, many of them made of straw, gold or silver lace, lined with a bright color, and gorgeously trimmed, with flowers, shaded ribbons, feathers, and gilt, steel or pearl ornaments. Bonnet-strings are of all widths, of shaded or figured ribbons, and are fastened under the left ear with a gold or pearl pin. It is now the fancy to have the bonnet the gayest part of the toilette, the dress, wrap and neckwear being somewhat subdued in tone. Red is the fashionable color, but it is always shaded down, or combined with other tints. The new reds are capucine and coral.

Shoes are now made with broad soles and low heels.

New gloves are yellowish, undressed kid, with six buttons.

Muslin and lace, in various forms, are still worn at the neck. Very little jewelry.

New parasols are ombre, beaded, embroidered and trimmed with rich lace.

Noles and Comments.

The Waverly Novels.

THE author of "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN," in a recent article on novels and novel-makers, comments with just severity on the pernicious character of a great deal of our modern fiction, and especially as to its bad influence upon the young. "I believe," she says, "that a thoroughly 'bad' book, as we of the last generation used to style such—bad either for coarseness of style as *Tristram Shandy*, or laxity of morals, like 'Don Juan'—does infinitely less harm than many modern novels which we lay on our drawing-room tables, and let our young daughters read *ad infinitum* or *ad nauseam*: novels chiefly, I grieve to say, written by women, who, either out of pure ignorance or a boastful morbid pleasure in meddling with forbidden topics, often write things that men would be ashamed to write."

She then draws a contrast between the novels of Walter Scott and the popular romances of the day, as to their relative influence in the work of character-making. We copy what she says on this subject, and commend it to the consideration of all who have the responsibility of determining what kind of reading shall go into the hands of young people.

"To us who are old enough to have read, pretty thoroughly, the book of human life, it matters little what we read in mere novels, which are at best a poor imitation of what we know as a solemn daily reality. But to the young, who are only opening its first pages, this matters a great deal. Impressions are made, lessons taught, and influence given which, whether for good or for evil, nothing can afterward efface. The parental yearn-

ing, which only parents can understand, is to save our children from all we can—alas, how little! They must enter upon the battle of life; the utmost we can do is to give them their armor, and show them how to fight. But what wise father or mother would thrust them unarmed into a premature conflict, putting into their pure minds sinful thoughts that had never been there before, and sickening their tender hearts by needless horrors which should only be faced by those who deal with evil for the express purpose of amending it? Truly, there are certain novels which I have lately read, which I would no more think of leaving about on my drawing-room table than I would take my son to a casino in order to teach him morals, or make my daughter compassionate-hearted by sending her to see a Spanish bull-fight.

"I would advise any one who has gone through a course of modern fiction to go through another considered a little out of date, except by the old, and, I am glad to say, the very young. Nothing shows, more clearly, the taste of the uncorrupted, healthy palate for wholesome food than the eagerness with which almost all children, or children passing into young people, from thirteen and upward, devour the Waverley Novels. A dozen pages, taken at random this moment from a volume which a youthful reader (I might say gormandizer) has just laid down, will instance what I mean.

"It is the story of Nanty Ewart, told by himself to Alan Fairford on board the 'Jumping Jenny' in 'Redgauntlet.' Herein the author touches deepest tragedy, blackest crime and sharpest pathos (instance the line where Nanty suddenly stops short with 'Poor Jess!'). He deals with elements essentially human, even vicious; his hero is a

'miserable sinner,' no doubt of that, either in the author's mind or the impression conveyed to that of the reader. There is no paltering with vice, no sentimental glossing over of sin; the man is a bad man—at least he has done evil, and his sin has found him out—yet we pity him. Though handling pitch, we are not defiled; however and whatever our author paints, it is never with an uncertain or feeble touch. We give him our hand, and are led by him fearlessly into the very darkest places, knowing that he carries the light with him, and that no harm will come. I think it is not too much to say that we might go through the *Waverley* Novels from beginning to end without finding one page, perhaps not even one line, that we would hesitate to read aloud to any young people old enough to know that there is evil in the world, and that the truly virtuous are those who know how to refuse the evil and choose the good. And I, who, having written novels all my life, know more than most readers how to admire a great—the greatest—novelist, should esteem it a good sign of any son or daughter of mine who would throw a whole cart-load of modern fiction into the gutter—often its fittest place—in order to clasp a huge, wholesome armful of Walter Scott."

Poison in Tobacco-Smoke.

THE *Boston Journal of Chemistry* gives, in a recent number, a summary of the results of some curious and suggestive experiments in regard to tobacco smoking, which have been made in Paris by M. Gustave le Bou.

He finds that collidine, the new alkaloid obtained from tobacco-smoke (with other aromatic principles, and prussic acid, as well as nicotine) is a liquid of agreeable and very penetrating odor, and as poisonous as nicotine, the twentieth part of one drop sufficing to paralyze and kill a frog. It is the prussic acid and various aromatic principles, he considers, that cause headache, giddiness and nausea in smoking certain tobaccos that contain little nicotine. Other tobaccos, rich in nicotine, have no such effects. The tobaccos containing most prussic acid and collidine are those of Havana and the Levant. The dark semi-liquid matter which condenses in pipes and cigar-holders contains all the substances just named, as well as carbonate of ammonia, coloring matter, etc. It is very poisonous; two or three drops of it are sufficient to kill a small animal. The combustion of tobacco destroys but a small part of the nicotine, and most of this appears in the smoke. The proportion absorbed by smokers varies according to circumstances, but hardly ever falls below fifty centigrams to the hundred grams of tobacco burnt. About the same quantity of ammonia is absorbed at the same time. Naturally, more of the poisonous principles are absorbed where the smoke is breathed, as in a room; less in the open air. A frog placed in a receiver containing a solution of nicotine, with about one drop of that substance in a little water, succumbs in a few hours. Tobacco-smoke contains about eight millimeters of carbonic oxide per hundred grams of tobacco burnt; but the poisonous properties of tobacco-smoke are not due to this gas. It is evident, however, that there are poisons enough in tobacco-smoke, even if this has to be "counted out."

Self-Reliant Women.

JENNIE JUNE, writing from New York to the *Baltimore American*, speaks of the increasing number of women in that city who are achieving pecuniary independence by an intelligent use of the means within their reach. She says:

"It would be a revelation to many to know the number and kind of women who are now living independently and earning their own livelihood. It would be still more of a revelation to find what an excellent livelihood they make, and the sort of interest they put into their self-made lives. Dropping into the office of a woman physician the other morning, in reply to a question she showed me a book of engagements, every moment filled till the middle of May. She lives and keeps house with another woman—the daughter of a once well-known writer and lecturer—a refined, intelligent woman, who first made money keeping a high-class boarding-house, and is wise enough now to keep what she has made, and add to it. These two ladies maintain a charming home, and entertain hospitably, though not with any show or parade. Two other women, teachers, maintain a beautiful home together, and have each taken a little orphan child to rear. One was eighteen months old, the other only five; neither has been absent from its adopted mother one night and both now are old enough to be taught advanced studies. Another woman, a physician, has elegant apartments and forty thousand dollars out at interest—every dollar earned by herself. One of the best known women in New York, a lady of fashion, and one whose name is seen wherever there is a fashionable gathering, earns her own and children's clothes and the wages of her own maid and the children's nurse by writing fashionable news and society gossip. Two young women I know, rent an elegant house, part of which is rented out, part kept for their own use. This and themselves they maintain, and they have also succeeded in buying back the homestead in Pennsylvania, lost through the recklessness and dissipated habits of their father. A widow, left with one child—a girl—some years ago, to fight her own way, has educated her daughter at the best schools; has adopted a friendless boy; and in addition to maintaining her home in New York, has built a charming summer home near Ocean Grove. These few odd cases, picked up at random, are not exceptional; they are only examples of thousands of others. And with pecuniary independence, comes an altogether larger, freer, nobler life for women—a life that reacts upon the repressed life of thousands of other women, and makes them able to think their own thoughts, and act their own minds, for the first time in the history of their kind."

STOCKINGS of the period are works of art. For instance, among the new styles are some of Lisle thread and others of silk, which are woven in lace stripes and daintily embroidered by hand in dots and in small floral designs. Cardinal, old gold, ecru, ciel blue, pink, mode, every hue, indeed, appears, and the embroidery is wrought in effective contrast. Black silk stockings are very stylish, either plain or embroidered.

American Men of Letters.

SPEAKING of the contributions made to English literature by American authors, the *London Times* says:

"American literature has now become so far English that it has supplied us with more household words than the literature of any other country, except France. Mr. Lowell's own 'Biglow Papers' have lent us some—notably the skeptical criticism of John P. Robinson on the culture of Palestine, and the warning as to the necessity of early rising when one is attempting to circumvent the absolute. From a writer much less frivolous than he is commonly thought to be, Mark Twain, we have derived not only by-words, but opportunities for that inextinguishable laughter which seems to refresh and renew the whole system."

"Our fiction owes its most refined and elaborate pages to Mr. James and Mr. Howells, our anthropology is under a heavy debt to Mr. Bancroft and Mr. Morgan, our criticism is sharpened by contact with that of half a dozen brilliant writers, and perhaps it is only in poetry that we still venture to think, if we may use an appropriate expression, 'we have the inner tracks.' The American Caucasians are certainly not played out, and we may perhaps expect from them the poet who is to succeed our foremost living masters."

New Books Received.

RECOGNITION IN HEAVEN. By M. Rhodes, D. D., author of "Life-Thoughts for Young Men." Philadelphia: Lutheran Publication Society. pp. 132. Price, 50 cents.

THE BAILIFF'S MAID. A romance. From the German of E. Marlitt, author of "The Old Mam'selle's Secret," "Gold Elsie," etc. By Mrs. A. L. Wiater. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. pp. 272. Price, \$1.25.

LIFE-THOUGHTS FOR YOUNG MEN. By M. Rhodes, D. D., pastor of St. Mark's English Evangelical Lutheran Church, St. Louis, Mo. Second edition. Philadelphia: Lutheran Publication Society. pp. 340. Price, \$1.50.

THE WINE-MIRACLE IN RELATION TO THE PRESENT ASPECT OF THE TEMPERANCE REFORM. By Rev. J. T. Diener, Cattawissa, Pa. Philadelphia: Lutheran Publication Society. pp. 47.

MODERATION VS. TOTAL ABSTINENCE, OR DR. CROSBY AND HIS REVIEWERS. New York: the National Temperance Society and Publication House. pp. 126.

THE PRINCE OF GOOD FELLOWS. By Margaret E. Wilnier, author of "Glass Cable," "Dumb Traitor," etc. New York: National Temperance Society and Publication House. pp. 367. Price, \$1.25.

ROSECROFT. A story of common races and common people. By William M. T. Round, author of "Achsah," "Hal," etc. Boston: Lee & Shepard. pp. 356. Price, \$1.00.

MARJORIE'S GOOD YEAR. By Miriam Alden. New York: American Tract Society. pp. 246. Price, \$1.00.

MISS BENEDICT'S WAY. By Mrs. C. E. K. Davis. New York: American Tract Society. pp. 237. Price, \$1.00.

Publishers' Department.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.
REDUCED TERMS FOR 1881.

1 Copy one year,	\$2.00
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T. S. ARTHUR & SON, 227 S. Sixth St., Phila.

ARRESTING CONSUMPTION IN ITS INCIPIENT STAGE.

THE following communication from a lady in Carthage, N. Y., dated January 12th, 1881, bears directly on the value of Compound Oxygen as the means of arresting consumption in its incipient stage. Our claim is that persons who inherit a tendency to this fatal disease may, in nearly every case, if Compound Oxygen is used on the first indications of its development, effectually check its progress. Even after it has made large inroads upon the system, our Treatment has checked its advances and restored the patient to partial, if not to complete health. But there will always come a time, if the disease is allowed to progress, when it will be too late for even Compound Oxygen.

"I feel that I cannot say too much in praise of the Compound Oxygen (and you may be sure I do not hesitate to do so to any who may need a cure for anything), for I know that in many ways I am better and stronger than ever in my life before. I have never had sufficient vitality to endure what to others were pleasant tasks, and when my lungs, which were always weak, showed the certain symptoms of disease, it seemed but the natural course of events to one who inherited consumption. Your Treatment was what I needed, however, for I have been stronger than in years since I finished taking it. Yet my lungs are still tender, and not proof against the wintry winds and more than usually unpropitious dampness of this northern region, so that I think, in order to finish the cure and prevent any prostration from the present spring changes, which are always very dangerous for me, I shall need another 'Treatment.' I inclose P. O. order for amount, which I notice is a dollar less without Inhaler. Will you send several of the most necessary papers and pamphlets for me to distribute, as I find frequent calls for something of the kind when I relate my experience in regard to the Oxygen. I think I have been the means of several persons getting the Home Treatment. I am very glad to make known so sure and easy a remedy for so desperate a disease as consumption."

Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen sent free. Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1109 and 1112 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

RELIEF from the worst of aches. Use German Corn Remover. It never fails. Sold by all druggists. 25 cents.

DON'T use anything to soften and improve the Skin, except Pearl's White Glycerine and Pearl's White Glycerine Soap. See advertisement.

WHY suffer? German Corn Remover warranted to cure. Sold by all druggists. 25 cents.



TARRANT'S EFFERVESCENT SELTZER APERIENT

The Healthful Seltzer Water for a hundred years or more, Has been held of all Earth's fountains, the most potent to restore:

But why across the ocean this boon of Nature bring, When the sick man in his chamber can extemporize the Spring?

The bottled Seltzer Water—so our leading chemists say— Parts with half its healing virtues, and turns vapid on the way;

While TARRANT'S RARE APERIENT, from a Powder changed to foam,

Is an instantaneous Seltzer Spring in every sufferer's home.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.



Columbia Bicycle.

The permanence of the Bicycle as a practical road-vehicle is an acknowledged fact, and thousands of riders are daily enjoying the delightful and health-giving exercise. The "Columbias" are carefully finished in every particular and are confidently guaranteed as the best value for the money attained in a Bicycle. Send 3-cent stamp for catalogue with price-list and full information.

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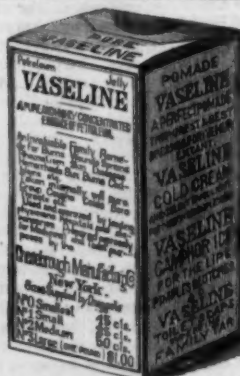
Cure HEADACHE, MALARIAL DISEASES, BILIOUSNESS, INDIGESTION, NERVOUSNESS and GENERAL DEBILITY.

Sold by all Druggists.
25 CENTS PER BOX.

PILLS

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The Favorite Numbers, 303, 404, 332, 351, 170, and his other styles.
Sold throughout the World.



UNDER THE FORM OF A JELLY CALLED VASELINE. PETROLEUM IS GIVEN TO MEDICINE AND PHARMACY IN AN ABSOLUTELY PURE, HIGHLY CONCENTRATED, AND UNOBJECTIONABLE SHAPE. ALL ACIDS, ODORS, TASTE, COLOR, AND OTHER IMPURITIES, WHICH HAVE HITHERTO PREVENTED THE USE OF PETROLEUM IN MEDICINE, ARE ENTIRELY ELIMINATED, AND THE VASELINE IS AS HARMLESS AND DELIGHTFUL TO USE AS CREAM.

The most valuable family remedy known for the treatment of wounds, burns, sores, cuts, skin diseases, rheumatism, chilblains, catarrh, hemorrhoids, etc. Also for coughs, colds, sore throat, croup and diphtheria, etc. It has received the unanimous endorsement of the Medical Press and Profession, Scientists and Journals of all characters throughout the world, as being the Best Remedy Known.

As an emollient, Vaseline is superior to any other substance yet discovered. Its marvellous healing and restoring qualities exceed everything else, and it is rapidly taking the place on the toilet-table, to the exclusion of the various complexion powders, pomades, cosmetics, and other compounds. It will keep the skin clearer, softer, and smoother than any cosmetic ever invented, and will preserve the youthful beauty and freshness of the healthy complexion.

POMADE VASELINE.—WILL CURE DANDRUFF AND MAKE THE HAIR GROW WHEN NOTHING ELSE WILL. 25, 50 CENTS AND \$1.00.

VASELINE COLD CREAM.—FOR IRRITATIONS OF THE SKIN, CHAFING OF INFANTS, FOR THE COMPLEXION, CHAPPED HANDS, &c., &c., &c. 25 AND 50 CENTS.

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VASELINE TOILET SOAP.—EMOLLIENT, BLAND, ANTISEPTIC (EXCELS ALL TOILET SOAPS). COLGATE & Co. will supply these articles, if you cannot obtain them of your Druggist. None Genuine except in original packages.

Grand Medals at Philadelphia and Paris Expositions. Medal of Progress by American Institute.

COMPOUND OXYGEN.

A NEW SUBSTANCE DEVELOPED THROUGH CHEMICAL PROCESSES.

As, day after day, reports come in from patients, some of whom have sought the aid of our Treatment in cases of such long standing and such a desperate character, that we did not feel warranted in offering anything beyond the faintest hope of benefit, we find ourselves more and more surprised at the wonder-working power of the subtle and invisible agent which has been developed through chemical processes, and fixed in what, for a better name, we call our "Compound Oxygen" cure. We do not, as yet, clearly recognize the true relations that exist between cause and effect in its operations. But we do know results. We know that it acts promptly on the nerve-centres, and gives to all the life-forces a higher activity. What the precise element in nature, which thus revitalizes, is, we are not able, with certainty, to declare. Like many other important discoveries in chemical science, its development came through an accidental combination of elements, which, when brought into the right relations, united according to fixed laws of order in nature, the result being a new substance, with new, more active and more subtle qualities. All we yet know about our Compound Oxygen is, therefore, the process by which it can be developed, and the marvelous power it has in the cure of diseases.

The rapidity with which this intangible agent pervades a diseased, physical system, and the promptness with which it acts in the line of restoration to health, is simply wonderful. Take, as an instance, the following report, made after only three weeks' trial, by a gentleman connected with an educational institution in Columbia, S. C.:

"GENTLEMAN: Your Compound Oxygen, used by me for about three weeks, has wrought in me these changes. From sleeplessness to the most delightful rest; from a terrible cough to almost entire freedom; from Dyspepsia to a splendid appetite and perfect digestion; from Asthma, the most persistent and discouraging, which the best physicians in Europe and America have pronounced incurable, to a respiration quite unobstructed and blessed; from gloom to gladness, and from despair to courage and hope! That is enough for one time. Of course, it will not last. My students and everybody are amazed."

Nothing could be more natural than the doubt expressed at the close of this letter. That such an entire freedom from so great and varied a range of suffering could be made in a short time, and remain permanent, is something that even the most sanguine of patients could not hope for. Nor do we look for a continued, complete emancipation from physical and mental disorder in our patient. Maladies which have become deeply seated are not so easily cured. Like an enemy, surprised by a sudden and unexpected assault, they may retire from the field; but it will only be to rally their forces, in order to regain what has been lost. But if the opposing forces be the stronger, and kept vigilant and active, the result, in a final conquest, is only a matter of time.

And yet, in many cases which come under our treatment, the action of Compound Oxygen is so persistent from the very beginning, that it gives the enemy but small opportunity to rally, and goes on perpetually dis-

lodging him from every refuge he takes in his steady retreat.

The following case, reported to us by the editor of a paper in Jackson, Miss., is one in point:

"I have," he says, "delayed writing you as to the effect of Compound Oxygen on my wife. When I wrote you, her health was seemingly broke down. For months she had suffered with a distressing pain in her left side, in or near the lung, and that entire side had shrunk. Her appetite was gone, and her nervous system in such a state that she could not sleep except under the most favorable circumstances. To make things worse, she could not retain anything on her stomach. In this condition she began your Treatment. The first night she slept like a child; the second day her appetite began to call for food, which it has continued to do, and except when she has over-exerted herself, she has slept sweetly. Of course, she built up rapidly. In taking the remedy she experienced a sensation in her left lung, like tearing. This, we suppose, was the reopening of the air-cells. That side has filled out again, and she is in better health than she has been in for many years. She only used about half of the supply sent her."

"I have waited seven months to see whether the good effects would be permanent. I am now fully satisfied, and have no hesitation in recommending the Compound Oxygen."

These two cases alone, if we had no others to offer, would fully establish the claim we make for Compound Oxygen, that it is the most remarkable curative agent yet discovered.

OUR PATIENTS. Every one who procures a supply of our Oxygen Treatment is regarded by us as a patient, is under our special attention, and may consult us freely in person or by letter. We give to every case submitted to us, as physicians, our intelligent care, and the benefit of all the experience and observation which have come to us as the result of many years spent in the active work of our profession. For this no extra charge is made. We do not sell our Oxygen remedy, and then, after getting the purchaser's money, put him away from thought or concern. No physicians in the land hold a closer relation to their patients than we do, or watch their progress toward health more closely. A careful record of every case is made when submitted, and the record is continued as each report of progress comes to us, so that we know the condition of every patient which the Oxygen is doing or has done for him, and what advice he needs to secure the best results of our Treatment. These records of patients' cases, while under treatment, already cover many thousands of pages, and give a history of cases and cures more remarkable than anything to be found in medical history.

We desire, particularly, to impress upon the public mind the facts just stated, and to make it clearly understood, that we are not the vendors of a patent medicine or pretended cure-all; but physicians, who are in possession of a remedy for chronic diseases, the result of close scientific investigation and experiment, by which a new element of cure has been discovered or developed; and that by the intelligent administration of this health-giving element we are able to reach and cure cases hitherto regarded by the profession as hopeless.

Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen is sent free of charge. It contains a history of the discovery, nature and action of this new remedy, and a record of many of the remarkable results which have so far attended its use.

Also sent free, "Health and Life," a quarterly record of cases and cures under the Compound Oxygen Treatment.

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